tarlets Find Love a Handicap

Silver Screen ★

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England



CONGRESS
-5 1939
GRAPHICAL DIVISION

Ginger Rogers



SONG BY SONG...SCENE BY SCENE...*THE THRILL GROWS GREATER!*

The stars of "Alexander's Ragtime Band" live their love story in the music of today and yesterday! Al Jolson sings his songs once again in the way that made them great! *Another grand picture opens the gates of memory to the past you want to remember!*

TOOT TOOT TOOTSIE

ROSE OF WASHINGTON SQUARE

AVALON

MY MAN

WILD ABOUT HARRY

THE VAMP

THE CURSE OF AN ACHING HEART

CALIFORNIA HERE I COME

JA-DA

MAMMY

APRIL SHOWERS

I'M SORRY I MADE YOU CRY

I'M ALWAYS CHASING RAINBOWS

TYRONE POWER · ALICE FAYE · AL JOLSON

in

ROSE OF WASHINGTON SQUARE

with

William Frawley · Joyce Compton
Hobart Cavanaugh

A 20th Century-Fox Picture

DARRYL F. ZANUCK
in Charge of Production

Associate Producer and Screen Play by Nunnally Johnson

Directed by Gregory Ratoff

Look into the Heart of the Girl Love Couldn't Crush...No Matter How it Tricked Her!

"Listen!...I love this man from here to breakfast! Want to make something of it? He's tricky? *So all right, he's tricky!* He's hurt me? *So what?...I love him!* He's my man!"

And in the swing of today...Gordon & Revel's latest hit 'I Never Knew Heaven Could Speak'!



Lovely dress of crisp organdy, deep Victorian hem, fitted bodice, tiny puffed sleeves.

A stunning gown first caught his eye but what held him was a lovely smile

Your smile is YOU! It's precious—guard it with Ipana and Massage!



Take no chances with "Pink Tooth Brush"—Ipana and massage makes for firmer gums, brighter smiles!

A STUNNING gown is a sure-fire attraction to make a girl a standout, but after that it's up to her smile!

For nothing is more pitiful than the girl with the breath-taking gown—and the dull and dingy smile. She's the one, of all people, who shouldn't ignore "pink tooth brush."

Take a leaf from her book, yourself, and *do something* about it. For no gown—not even a French import from the last boat in—can do much for the girl with the sad little smile. Let other things go if you must, but don't neglect your teeth and gums.

If your tooth brush "shows pink," *see your dentist*. It may mean nothing serious. Very likely, he'll tell you that your gums have simply grown weak from lack of exercise—and you can charge *that* up to our modern, soft foods. Then, like so many dentists, he may suggest "more work—the stimulating help of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana is designed not only to clean teeth but, with massage, to help the gums as well. Whenever you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana into your gums. Circulation increases within the gums—they tend to become firmer, healthier.

Don't court trouble by waiting for that telltale tinge of "pink." Instead, get a tube of economical Ipana Tooth Paste at your druggist's today. Let Ipana and massage help you, as it has thousands of attractive men and women, to brighter teeth . . . healthier gums . . . and the smile you'd like to have.



IPANA TOOTH PASTE

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JUNE, 1939

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Silver Screen

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COVER PORTRAIT OF GINGER ROGERS BY MARLAND STONE

V. G. Heimbucher, President Paul C. Hunter, Vice President and Publisher D. H. Lapham, Secretary and Treasurer

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MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

The Opening Chorus

A LETTER FROM LIZA

WELL, a cat can look at a Queen I've always said, and can also imitate a First Lady, so with all due apologies to Mrs. Roosevelt who jots down "My Day" between landings and take-offs I shall now do a fine bit of muscling in and give you my version of "My Day." And, baby, it was a honey! Why you movie fans will simply drool at the mouth when you hear about it. You'll all want to be fan writers, heaven forbid.

It started out with a call from Barbara Stanwyck to have lunch with her at Lucey's, and there's nothing like an early morning call from Barbara to lift you out of the Monday morning let-down.

Barbara is a chain coffee drinker. She is just about the grandest person in Hollywood to lunch with (1) because of her down-to-earthness, (2) because of her swell sense of humor, and (3) because she always has plenty of time. She doesn't give you a cheery smile and a green salad and rush off to another engagement, the way these other glamour girls do. Barbara isn't a big eater, but she is decidedly a big sitter, and a lunch with Barbara can easily last from one until five, which is definitely flattering.

Well, you can be sure that I tried to worm it out of Barbara when she would get married to Bob Taylor, but she said she didn't know exactly, and I believe her, though judging from the conversation I think it will be this spring, depending upon the Taylor and Stanwyck picture commitments.

In the midst of dishing the industry to a fine fareyouwell (and what fun that is) I remembered that I had a tea date with Hedy Lamarr at her honeymoon house, which I was most anxious to see. So I tore myself away and dashed to the top of the highest mountain out Benedict Canyon way. I found the glamorous Hedy in a peasant costume and a very romantic mood and heard all about her elopement with handsome Gene Markey, the "catch" of the town.

Hedy and I went through the tortures of dieting together once and, ever since, I've had a very cozy feeling about her. She confessed that she had eaten three pieces of cake the day before and had gained a pound. She also informed me that my lipstick and nail polish didn't match and that was the worst thing a woman could do. I never before realized how important *that* was.

From Hedy's I broke a few speed records to get over to the Tropics to have dinner with Dick Powell and Joan Blondell and go to Dick's first broadcast. And what crazy fun that was with Martha Raye and W. C. Fields bobbing about, but I was pretty tired by then, as you can imagine. Well, "My Day" probably wasn't as instructive as Mrs. Roosevelt's, but I bet it was more fun.

Liza

IT'S HARDY FAMILY FUN AGAIN!

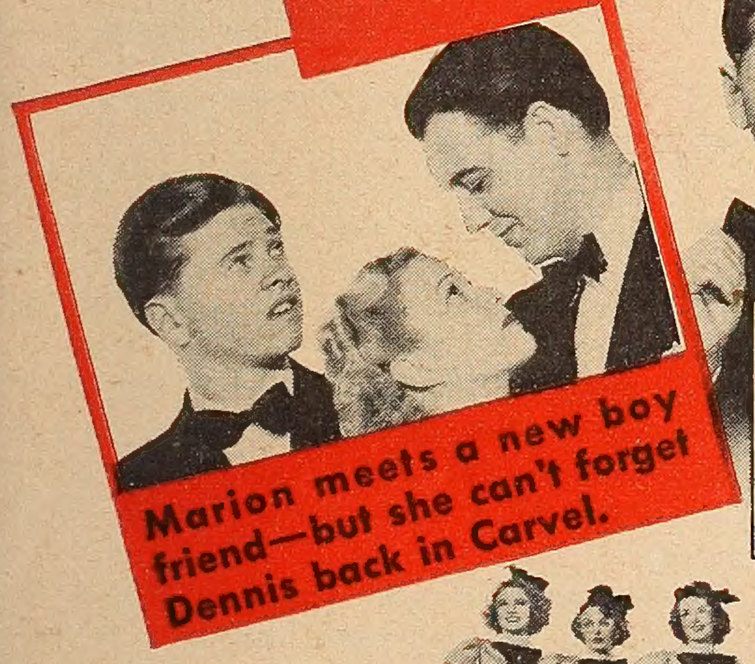
No. 6 in the Hardy Family hit parade... as these beloved folk become "millionaires for a day"! Hilarious... as Andy struts in top hat and "Tux" and dates a cabaret glamor girl... love finds Aunt Milly... Marion knocks the stores for a row of charge accounts... Mom settles for a frying pan ...and the Judge winds up with a silk hat ...but he has to pay all the bills!



"Pop, why should I get married— and blast all the dreams of so many women!"



ALL NEW ADVENTURES with America's Favorite Family!



Marion meets a new boy friend—but she can't forget Dennis back in Carvel.



"Tell me the truth about what happened on your trip!" says Ann Rutherford.



It's a scream when Mickey gets tricked into a night-club cabaret— and a gorgeous chorus girl tries to frame him.

The Hardys become millionaires overnight
And what fun!

THE HARDYS RIDE HIGH

with

LEWIS STONE
MICKEY ROONEY
CECILIA PARKER
FAY HOLDEN



Screen Play by Agnes Christine Johnston, Kay Van Riper & William Ludwig • Directed by George B. Seitz • An M-G-M Picture

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*Based on letter in our files.

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ADDRESS _____ SS-6

Anne Shirley and Edward Ellis in "A Man To Remember."



Winners in the February "Letters of Criticism Contest"

The $50.00 First Prize Letter

DEAR SILVER SCREEN:

"A Man To Remember" is so significant a success that Garson Kanin, its director, is a man Hollywood should remember conscientiously every day. Each minute of this fine film displays faith in the movies, in sincerity and intelligence. His sort of faith moves mountains of public apathy, while Hollywood's general faith in the importance of heiresses, horse races, Broadway accents, and phony glamour moves us only to boredom.

Actors should remember that close-ups and new hair-dos get them less in the long run than co-operation in one picture like this, from whose humility, truth, and sincerity a genuinely heartening beauty emerged. Mr. Kanin, his cast and co-workers, have proved again that Hollywood itself holds people who have the right kind of faith in pictures, who respect them, and intend to make the world share their faith and respect.

Sincerely,
MELVILLE ABBETT,
Duluth, Minn.

Honorable Mention

($5.00 Is Paid For Every Letter Printed)

DEAR SILVER SCREEN:

The producers need not "play down" to their audiences. They should hitch their wagon to a star and we, the public, shall go sailing happily with them through their land of make-believe. Educate, interest, entertain and amuse us; we are intensely human!

Give us more historical plays. "Marie Antoinette," with its splendor, pageantry, and Morley's superb acting, carried me miles and centures from my drab life. More biographies! Muni made "Pasteur," scientist and humanitarian, a living, vibrant character, to whose research my son owes his life.

Give us wholesome humor and simple philosophy, such as that in "You Can't Take It With You." In it you made me forget my crutches! Give us drama that we shall remember.

MONA H. COULSON,
Milwaukee, Wisc.

DEAR SILVER SCREEN:

Hollywood always gave me the impression that it possessed a few smart fellows, but I often wonder if they're not a bunch of copy-cats.

They are always running something into the ground. The success of one slapstick comedy brought on a bunch of them. At the present time it seems that the western picture is the next type that will be buried, with such pictures as "Jesse James," "The Oklahoma Kid" and "Union Pacific" following one upon the other.

As a humble moviegoer, PLEASE Hollywood don't run the Jones family and Hardy family into the ground. Don't let every studio come out with some family picture in the coming year.

Sincerely yours,
MRS. O. W. TURLEY,
Lansing, Kan.

DEAR SILVER SCREEN:

My favorite pictures are the "supercolossals" and this is why.

I am typical of the middle classes of America and Canada who go to the movies—not to live for two hours in environments similar to those from which they come—but to live for two hours in environments for which their souls yearn but which fate decrees they shall never attain.

What a thrill and uplift comes after two hours of transportation into luxuriously furnished drawing-rooms and cafes and night clubs, with ladies and gentlemen dressed in the extremes of fashion.

So please, Mr. Producer, keep on giving us pictures with glamour and millions written all over them. As for the simple, homey, ordinary, close-to-life pictures, we will get plenty of those at home.

HELEN F. MAJURG,
Vermilion, Alb., Canada.

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AGNIFICENT!

e story of Juarez, Mexican flame
freedom . . . moulding a fiery-
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pled a throne! . . . The story of
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rning her fateful romance into the
ges of history! . . . All in a glori-
s human drama sweeping through
enes never matched in action,
lendor and power! See "Juarez" at
ur theatre soon! The picture that
ows how great the screen can be!



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PAUL MUNI • BETTE DAVIS

in

"JUAREZ"

with

BRIAN AHERNE

CLAUDE RAINS • JOHN GARFIELD • DONALD CRISP

JOSEPH CALLEIA • GALE SONDERGAARD • GILBERT ROLAND • HENRY O'NEILL

Directed by William Dieterle

Screen Play by John Huston, Aeneas MacKenzie and Wolfgang Reinhardt • Based on a Play by Franz Werfel and the Novel, "The Phantom Crown," by Bertita Harding • Music by Erich Wolfgang Korngold

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IRENE SALTERN
Designer
REPUBLIC PICTURES
producers of
"MAN OF CONQUEST"



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- its ***slide-fastened back*** opening makes it easy to put on,
- its ***paneled front*** with concealed boning flattens and supports the abdomen.

Just go to the Notion Counter of your favorite store and choose the style and size that will do the most for YOU. A wide variety of step-ins from $1.25 and all-in-ones from $2 up.

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*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

TORONTO . . . NEW YORK . . . LONDON

Tips on Pictures



The three smart girls who grew up —and how! Deanna Durban (center), Helen Parrish and Nan Grey.

A Film For Every Mood

BLONDIE MEETS THE BOSS—Fair. The second of a series of full length films based on the famous syndicated comic strip. In this one Arthur Lake, as Dagwood, goes on a fishing trip, leaving Blondie, his wife, (Penny Singleton) carrying on his job at the office. Good for dual programs.

FLYING IRISHMAN, THE—Fair. This is a rather belated biographical sketch of Douglas Corrigan who made that famous wrong-way trip to Ireland last summer. After getting over the childhood sequences the picture is fast-paced and the kids will go for it big. (Doug Corrigan, himself—Paul Kelly, Dorothy Petersen.)

ICE FOLLIES OF 1939, THE—Good. Joan Crawford and Jimmy Stewart play the leads in this story of a marriage that almost flounders when the wife becomes a successful motion picture star. In the nick of time the husband becomes an equally successful director and all ends happily. It's an extravagantly produced film, very easy on the eyes.

LADY AND THE MOB, THE—Fine. This racketeering yarn is handled so smoothly and contains such a novel twist that it is very entertaining screen fare. Fay Bainter, cast as a rich Victorian-type grand dame, occupies the center of the stage throughout and is delightful. (Ida Lupino, Lee Bowman.)

MR. MOTO IN DANGER ISLAND—Fine. Peter Lorre, playing the suave Japanese detective, does his Sherlock Holmes work in Puerto Rico this time, with Warren Hymer, a wrestler, making an amusing self-appointed Dr. Watson. (Amanda Duff, Jean Hersholt.)

MYSTERY PLANE—Fair. On dual programs this should prove very satisfactory. It is the story of two army officers who invent an improved bombing device, and are later abducted by a gang of international spies who want to obtain the invention. (John Trent, Lucien Littlefield, Marjorie Reynolds.)

NEVER SAY DIE—Fair. Although Martha Raye and Bob Hope share stellar honors in this farce, it turns out to be just moderately amusing. It's the tale of a multi-millionaire hypochondriac who thinks he has only a month to live and proceeds to make the most of his "time." Swell cast includes Andy Devine, Alan Mowbray and Ernest Cossart.

OKLAHOMA KID, THE—Fine. Jimmy Cagney goes out to the great open spaces to do his hijacking in this film, only they probably didn't call it hijacking in those days when he plundered stagecoaches and held the whip-hand over other bad hombres. There's plenty of action here, some beautiful natural scenery, and perhaps a bit of history if you're not squeamish about its authenticity. (Humphrey Bogart, Rosemary Lane.)

ON TRIAL—So-so. About two decades ago this was a thrilling New York play, but time marches on and now it emerges as rather lifeless film fare. The plot concerns the trial of a man who committed murder to protect his wife's honor, and is told by a series of flashbacks. In cast Margaret Lindsay, John Litel, John Stephenson.

SERGEANT MADDEN—Good. New York's "Finest" gets a big break here, with Wallace Beery in the title part. Beery plans to have both his sons, one of them adopted, become members of the police force, but his own son turns out badly and gets on the wrong side of the fence, while the adopted one turns out well. (Tom Brown, Alan Curtis, Larain Day.)

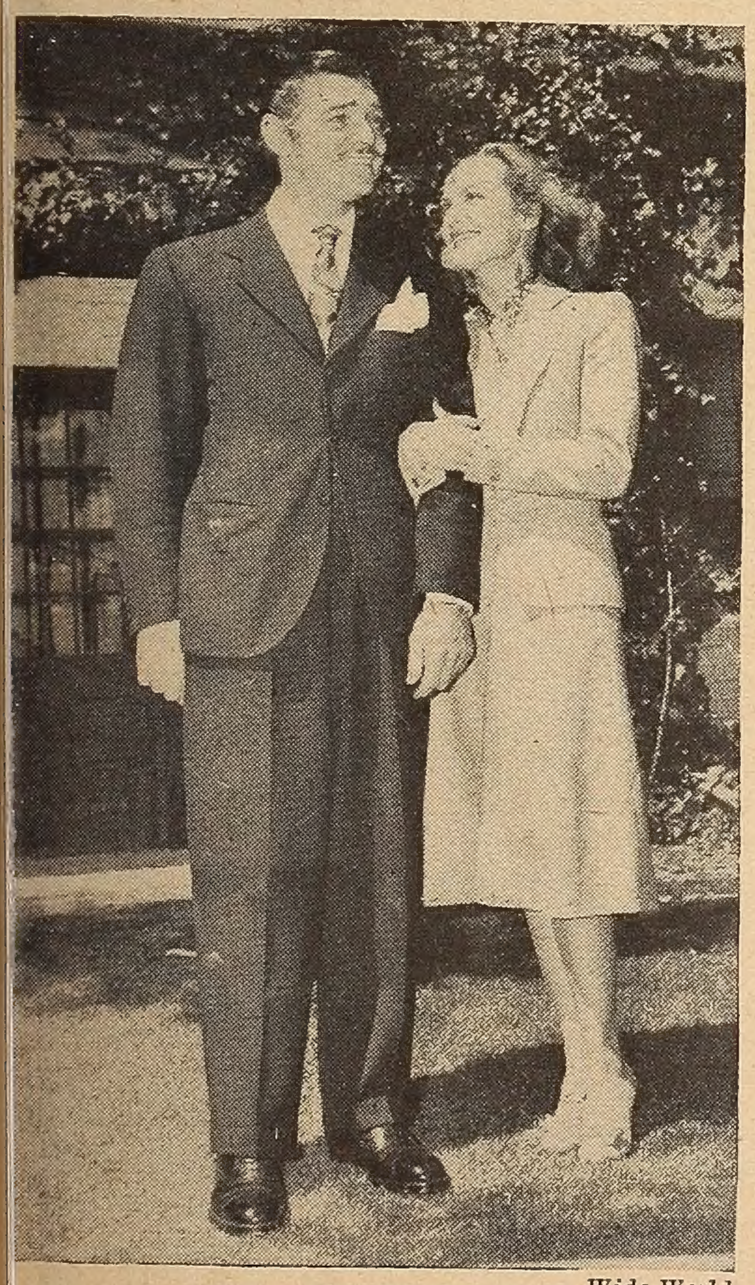
SO THIS IS LONDON—Good. This one was made in England and has some strong-name comedians in the cast. It is a remake of that old George M. Cohan play about the American business man and his naive family as stacked up against the English lord and his rather supercilious relatives. (Berton Churchill, Alfred Drayton, Fay Compton.)

STORY OF ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL, THE—Excellent. One of the most engrossing biographical films to come out of Hollywood. Bell was a Scotsman who became an American citizen just before he invented the telephone, the instrument that turned the course of the world's progress. There's a tender, beautiful romance here too, and drama with a capital D. (Don Ameche, Loretta Young.)

SUDDEN MONEY—Amusing. Again we have a screwball family into whose hands falls a sweepstakes prize of $150,000. Of course every member of the family starts to pursue his or her "hobby," with somewhat hilarious results. The cast includes Charles Ruggles and Marjorie Rambeau, Charles Grapewin and Evelyn Keyes.

THREE SMART GIRLS GROW UP—Charming. The Deanna Durbin pictures are so refreshing one hates to see them end. No greater tribute than that need be given to this sequal to Three Smart Girls, in which Deanna proceeds to adjust the complex love affairs of her sisters. (Nan Grey, Helen Parrish, Robert Cummings, Charles Winninger.)

TORCHY RUNS FOR MAYOR—Good. One of the best of the Torchy series, with Glenda Farrell in the name part giving a swell performance. Her recent running for mayor of Hollywood evidently inspired the yarn, which is fast-paced and exciting. (Barton MacLane, Tom Kennedy, John Miljan.)



Wide World

Mr. and Mrs. is the name. Clark Gable and Carole Lombard had the knot tied and now we can all relax.

SHE OPENED AN UNSIGNED LETTER!



AN UNSIGNED LETTER! A cowardly thing, perhaps—but for Nancy—what a blessing! For in no other way would Nancy have realized that underarm odor was spoiling all her other charms—that she could easily be popular, with Mum!

How easy it is to offend this way and never know it—to think a daily bath is enough for charm, when underarms always need *special* care!

For a bath removes only *past* perspiration—it can't *prevent* odor. Mum can! Remember, more women use Mum than any other deodorant...more screen stars, more nurses, more girls like *you!* It's so pleasant, so easy to use, so dependable.

EASY! You can apply Mum in 30 seconds, before or *after* you're dressed. And even after underarm shaving, Mum actually soothes your skin!

SAFE! The Seal of the American Institute of Laundering is proof that Mum is harmless to any kind of fabric.

SURE! Without stopping perspiration, Mum stops all underarm odor. It's foolish to take chances with your charm. Get Mum at any druggist's today—and use it daily. Then you'll always be sweet!

WITH MUM YOUR BATH LASTS ALL DAY LONG



For Sanitary Napkins

First choice with thousands of women everywhere for Sanitary Napkins, Mum wins because it's so gentle and safe.

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Troubled by Constipation?

Get relief this simple, pleasant way!



1. TAKE ONE or two tablets of Ex-Lax before retiring. It tastes like delicious chocolate. No spoons—no bottles! No fuss, no bother! Ex-Lax is easy to use and pleasant to take.



2. YOU SLEEP through the night . . . *undisturbed!* No stomach upsets. No nausea or cramps. No occasion to get up! Ex-Lax is mild and gentle. It acts overnight — *without* over-action.



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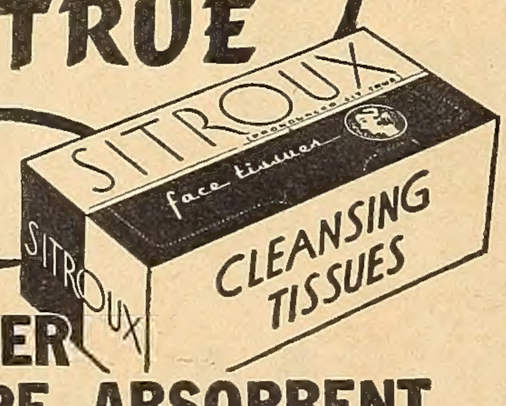
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STRONGER MORE ABSORBENT

AT 5 AND 10¢ AND BETTER DEPARTMENT STORES



Beauty From The Waist Down

Get "done-up" before you go out to swim, and give romance a chance!

By Mary Lee

Jane Wyman has such pretty legs—she makes us wish shorts were our national costume.

"THAT little girl look" is a descriptive phrase you hear quoted whenever beauty and fashion are discussed. It's a trend toward the young, fresh and naive in appearance, and is achieved by the new, shorter angel-like hair-dos, the lighter, pastel tones in make-up and in costumes, sheer, crisp blouses and lingerie touches, modest camisoles and petticoats again with lace ruffles. In fact, the little girl atmosphere is so thick and heavy about us, it's a wonder some aren't tempted to produce rompers and find a sand pile to play in.

Better, however, would be a swim suit and a play suit. These fit better into a little girl style summer than into one in which sophistication and chic are the smart attitudes. Now, maybe you're lucky. Maybe you have angel curls, and maybe you find this new make-up lovely for your face. Maybe, too, you've encouraged your loveliest smile and your sweetest disposition. So far, so good. From the waist up, you'll certainly pass. But how about from the waist down? If you really want to make this a Social Success Summer, I warn you now against the great disillusionment that many a pretty girl gives her warmest admirer when he sees her for the first time in bathing or play suit. Too often this disillusionment results from lack of leg and foot grooming. Too often, this is a kind of shock to the male. Men are idealists, and that is something always to remember. With your hair, your face, your hands and clothes always sweet and pretty, naturally, and rightly, they expect to find the rest of you that way.

It is a splendid idea right now, before you poke a toe in racing surf or go romping over the hills in a winsome play suit, such as Jane Wyman is wearing, to become your severest critic from the waist down.

The coarsest skin of the body is most often on the legs. The legs, also, are that part of the body most subject to a hirsute growth. A simple beauty habit for the legs is to keep the skin as fine and soft as possible. Here's where a real scrubbing with your bath brush comes in. Perhaps you've noticed that your legs, especially about the ankles, are constantly shedding little particles of dry cuticle. The skin here is prone to dryness. So this scrubbing removes that skin, encourages good circulation, which is a big secret of nice, smooth skin. When skin is abnormally dry, it's a good idea to apply a softening cream after the scrubbing and a good idea, too, to rub some over your knees if they're dry or rough, just as you do your elbows.

There are several good cream depilatories that will remove hair growth from legs quickly and safely. For instance, Zip Depilatory Cream works a beauty miracle, in this respect, in five minutes or less. You simply apply this cream thickly, leave on five minutes or less, rinse off and dry without rubbing. It is always well to apply a little cream afterwards.

Used properly, and it is always necessary to read directions carefully for best results, Zip Depilatory Cream leaves skin so young-looking, soft and baby-smooth. You'll probably be quite surprised to see how lovely your leg skin is when it is cleared in this manner. You can buy this Zip Depilatory Cream in drug and department stores, and, of course, it may be used on arms or under-arms.

I wonder how many of you really take care of your feet? A weekly pedicure, I mean, given as carefully as your manicure, and protective or removal care at the first suggestion of a blister, rub or corn occasioned by shoes? Feet respond so quickly to good care, and I can assure you the beautiful foot is a rarity, often for lack of simple care. La Cross has done some complete and wonderfully efficient pedicure sets for you, including a sturdy nail nipper, far easier to manipulate than scissors, cuticle pusher and fine velvet file, plus such aids as cuticle and nail oil, Glycerated polish remover and Creme nail polish. Even tiny rolls of cotton are included, for separating toes when applying polish. Here's an investment that will last long and do extra good work. If you don't care to invest in the pedicure set, by all means, then, use your manicure aids and procedure for those toes. How different your feet will look, and how much less subject to ingrown nails and other toe ailments this simple routine will keep them. By all means use nail lacquer on your toes. You're missing a bet for smartness if you don't. And use it as bright or as soft as you wish. I might suggest, however, that the brighter the polish, the more attention your toes will draw, so choose tone according to the perfection of your feet. But use something, by all means. In huaraches, espadrilles, toeless sandals or barefoot, you can jewel your toes as you do your fingers. And they add life and beauty to your whole person.

Now, a few words on painful points—corns, soft corns, callouses and bunions! Once these were more or less intimate subjects, not to be mentioned but concealed, if possible. Still no one wants them and they aren't pretty. Yet, the very recent style improvements in the Dr. Scholl foot aids have brought these woes out of the unmentionables into the light, and all because these Super-Soft Zino Pads, said to be 630% softer, now come in a delicate pink with daintily scalloped edges. Far better to wear them in public on your bare or sandal shod foot, where they are practically unnoticeable or suggest a beauty mark, than to bare a marred toe. With the dainty pads also come tiny medicated discs, to be applied directly under the pads, to cure your ailment. Here, I think, is something we've all wanted. Feminine and dainty as a bit of swansdown, and a smart thought when you're breaking in new shoes!

By the way, if you want some smart foot gear for the beach, look at the beach strollers by Kleinert in your department stores. They're up-to-the-minute in style, and give good protection to the sole, even if you do prefer the back-to-nature free foot style. Soles can get bruised and cut, you know. Another idea by Kleinert for the really big girls, who hesitate about donning a bathing suit, is a bathing or sports girdle. Very short for under-suit wear, comfortable, but with enough support to control your curves.

Such of these suggestions as you need will give you that little girl look from the waist down in smooth, fresh physical beauty. This year, groomed toes, and soft, smooth skin, will make more of a good impression than perfectly shaped but ungroomed extremities!

There are, however, some simple principles that if followed daily will help keep you trim and shapely from the waist down. Sitting, for one. Don't flop or slouch, but sit squarely on your seat, so that sitting posture forms an L, not a J. Important for desk workers, because this helps keep hips from spreading.

Flex your legs when you think of it, by stretching and pointing the toes, then relaxing. Restful, and an aid to agility and grace. Climbing hills and steps, by the way, is splendid for developing shapely legs. This action develops muscle, which gives the shape.

A good leg and ankle reducing exercise—good for the whole body, in fact—is lying flat on the floor, hands at sides, feet together, toes pointed. Raise the body at waist and bend forward, trying to touch your toes, still in pointed position. Begin with a few tries (you try on this one!), working up gradually to ten or fifteen counts. Do this slowly and rhythmically.



NO matter, if your hair is discouragingly dingy and messy-looking or dull and drab, a miracle is seemingly performed before your eyes. The radiant beauty in your hair—you thought had disappeared forever, at 20, 30 or 40 will be back again, in a new form of loveliness—after a single washing and rinsing with the amazing new Golden Glint.

Dull, lusterless hair or hair that tangles and snarls badly is usually coated with a grayish film (*Bath-tub-Scum) that all shampoos deposit in the hair. The new Golden Glint removes this film in two short minutes of rinsing, at a cost of only a few cents.

DOUBLE ACTION

First, it dissolves this dulling shampoo film (which is the same substance as the ring around the bath-tub) revealing all of the hair's natural gloss and multi-colored highlights, without leaving the hair dry and brittle (caused by removing too much oil) because the new Golden Glint contains an amazing new ingredient never before used in a hair rinse.

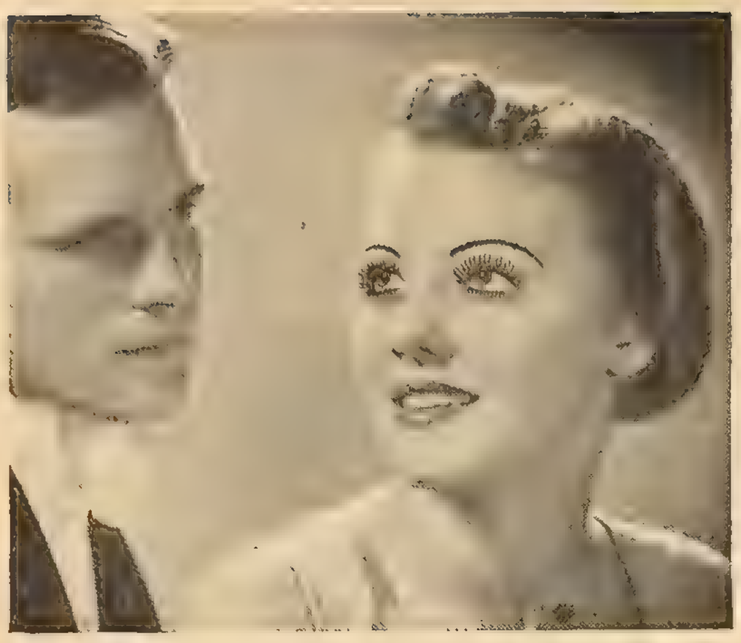
Second, during this rinsing operation the new Golden Glint replaces those tiny golden glints that seem to disappear when women leave their adolescent period—their hair then becomes drab and mousey-looking.

Correcting this condition is also part of the amazing service of the new Golden Glint; for the new Golden Glint is now out in six shades—for Brunettes, for Brownettes, for Blondes, for Auburn shades, for Silver glints, and for Luster glints; one just suited for your color type. Remember, drab hair like pale cheeks needs a tiny touch of color to reflect the full bloom of youthful loveliness.

No other shampoo or rinse can give the new Golden Glint revolutionary results. It does not dry out the hair or cause other injuries. There are two kinds of new Golden Glint, the shampoo with rinse—or, get the rinse package without the shampoo if you prefer your own shampoo. The new Golden Glint doesn't rub off. These sensational new Golden Glint packages are approved by Good Housekeeping. The new Golden Glint packages contain twice as much as the old Golden Glint. They are available now in a glittering gold package, in drug, department and 10c stores. Ask your professional operator for a new Golden Glint Rinse. Thrill to the beauty that is so easily revealed in your hair.

Golden Glint Company, Inc.
Seattle, Washington

BEAUTY + Plus = Without *B. S.



For Romantic Eyes
get WINX mascara!

Eyes of mystery and allure ... eyes that look larger, brighter...*yours* with WINX! This *finer* mascara *clings* closely, makes lashes seem *naturally* longer...dark and silky. Be sure to ask for WINX mascara ... *today!*



Scientific laboratory tests prove WINX mascara is amazingly *fine in texture.*

Approved by Good Housekeeping. Get WINX Mascara, Eye Shadow, and Eyebrow Pencil at drug, department and ten-cent stores.

Change to WINX
THE FINER QUALITY MASCARA

Switch to...
ZIP
CREAM DEODORANT
More for your money—The best to be had
Stops Perspiration Annoyance

ROCHELLE HUDSON, *Columbia Pictures Player*
Featured in "MISSING DAUGHTERS"



IT'S EASY TO MAKE LOVELY CURLS WITH SOLO CURLERS

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RED TOP CURLER—5¢ EACH
EASY TO USE—TANGLEPROOF
Recommended by Beauty Experts
AT 5¢ AND 10¢ STORES

A Jam Session

With the market laden with so many tempting fruits and berries, it is time to preserve your favorites to add zest to meals later on in the year.

By Ruth Corbin



Jan Holm, young Hollywood player, is partial to apricot jam. Too bad we can't get a lick of that spoon.

THE jam, jelly and pickling season is with us again! Even if you live in a "Big Town" apartment you will doubtless realize the wisdom of at least putting up the favorite family delicacies, then when winter winds blow, your stock of homemade goodies will boast of several things which your grocer probably could not supply at any cost.

First, let me caution you that the most important thing in any form of canning is cleanliness and *attention to detail.* Remember to *always* sterilize both jars and rubbers and, immediately mixture is poured, cover with thoroughly melted, hot parawax. Jellies must *not* be overcooked, since they set and thicken considerably after cooking. To test perfect jelly pour a spoonful on small plate; if it shows firmness, and no sign of being too thin, pour mixture into glasses. If too thin, a little lemon juice or concentrated bottled fruit pectin (Certo) may later be added. For best results work only with small amounts; do not use too much water; always heat sugar (in large pan in oven); and use as wide a utensil for boiling juice as possible. Even a novice cannot fail if these simple yet definite rules are adhered to.

In jelly making fruits lacking in pectin, the jellying element, must either be combined with other fruits rich in this principle or must have commercial pectin added. Pectin rich fruits include apples, cranberries, red currants, plums, quinces, grapes, etc.; and these fruits are excellent for jellies. Fruits lacking in pectin and therefore to be used for jams rather than jellies, or else combined with one of above fruits, include apricots, peaches, cherries, pineapple, etc. If commercial pectin is used follow recipes given in attached folder. Rhubarb gives a large quantity of juice and absorbs flavor without imparting its own. It is hence excellent when added to expensive fruits to increase bulk and juice.

Here is my own favorite and original Apricot Jam, arrived at by testing and combining the best in several recipes I had.

APRICOT JAM

3 cups diced fresh pineapple
1 cup water
6 cups diced, peeled apricots
4 cups sugar

Mix fruit and water. Cook slowly until very soft. Add sugar and cook until mixture jells. Requires about ½ an hour to thicken.

PRESERVED CUMQUATS

Weigh fruit and prick each piece with darning needle. Cover with cold water and boil gently until fruit is tender. Strain off water. Make a syrup with 1½ pounds sugar to every ½ pint water and every pound fruit. Boil 20 minutes. Add syrup to fruit; simmer gently 10 minutes. Bottle and seal.

RASPBERRY JAM

In making any of the various varieties of raspberries into jam the berries must be weighed and washed. Crush some or all of the fruit and add ¼ pound apple pulp to each pound berries to improve texture and flavor of product. In the case of black varieties I advise pressing pulp through sieve because of size and number

of seeds. Fruit is heated slowly until juices flow freely, then boiled rapidly, stirring to prevent scorching. When mass starts to thicken, add an amount of water equal to amount of fresh fruit and apple pulp if used. Continue to cook until of consistency of jam. Pour immediately into hot sterile jars and seal. A good wrinkle is to cut pieces of string into 5 inch lengths, sterilize them and lay a piece across jelly before parawax goes on. Then, when ready to use, the wax lifts off with string without the usual prying with a knife. If you are using the new and very fine Cellophane seals, all you need is to wet them, stretch over top and slip an elastic band around them.

Let's consider pickling for a moment. Here are two recipes which are tops and they almost make themselves . . . they are that easy. Recipes are originals.

BREAD AND BUTTER PICKLE

2 cups Domino Brown sugar
1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon Coleman's mustard
1 teaspoon celery seed
1 cup water
1 cup granulated sugar
1 teaspoon white mustard seed
½ teaspoon turmeric
2 cups Heinz cider vinegar
9 medium sized cucumbers
4 white onions, sliced

Mix together dry ingredients, blend to paste with part of vinegar; add rest of vinegar and water; boil together about 5 minutes. Add cucumbers, sliced without paring, and onions. Boil 3 minutes, put in jars and seal while hot. They are ready to eat second day.

PICKLED PEACHES

Boil 2 pounds sugar and 1 pint vinegar 20 minutes. Dip peaches quickly into hot water and remove peeling. Stick four cloves into each peach. Cook until soft syrup, using half the peaches at a time. Pack into jars while hot, fill with syrup and seal. (Use clingseed peaches.)

PEACH PRESERVES

4 pounds sugar
1½ pints water
6 pounds fine, firm peaches
½ pint brandy

Boil water and sugar and put in peaches. When they look clear they are done. This should take about 30 minutes. Add brandy and if syrup looks thin boil down to proper thickness. Brandy may be omitted if desired. Method of preparation is same. Brandy in Peach Preserves is an old Southern custom.

CRAB APPLE JELLY

6 pounds crab apples
2 lemons
1 pound sugar to each pint juice

Wash and core apples and cut into quarters. Place in preserving pan with enough cold water to cover. Boil about ¾ hour. Strain through muslin bag. Measure juice; add sugar. Boil them together ¾ hour, stirring continuously. Add lemon juice just before jelly is done. Remove when it jellies easily on cold spoon.

HARLEQUIN CONSERVE

25 peaches
10 red plums
1 pound white grapes
1 orange, sliced
¼ pound chopped almonds

Cut up fruit and cook until soft. Add ¾ cup sugar for each cup fruit. Add sugar when fruit is half cooked. Cook until thick and fruit clear. Add almonds when fruit is almost done. Seal.

An old and simple recipe for making *any* jelly says: cover fruit with cold water and boil until soft. To each quart of juice use 1 quart of sugar. Strain juice through flannel bag, boil 20 minutes, then add sugar. Sugar must be hot but *not* melted and juice must be boiling hard when it is added. It should be done in about 2 minutes.

ALPINE PEACHES

And here is an original "must" for the peach season. Wash 4 to 5 pounds clingseed peaches, plunge into boiling water to remove skins. Arrange peeled, whole fruit in layers in a freshly sterilized stone crock. Cover each layer of fruit with sugar, continue till container is almost full. Cover. After 10 to 12 hours fruit will be slightly shrunken. Add more fruit and a little sugar. Put a weight on it to prevent fruit from discoloring. Cover and seal with adhesive tape and then pour melted parawax over tape. Wrap in newspaper, put in cool place and *do not* open for 3 months. Amount of sugar required 3⅜ pounds.



Everybody's talking about the

extra care, brilliance

that Luster-Foam "*bubble bath*"

gives the teeth!



BETTY: That Luster-Foam "bubble bath" in the new Listerine Tooth Paste is marvelous . . . my mouth feels so fresh.

BETH: And did you ever see anything like the way it makes teeth sparkle?



1st REPORTER: Ever see a smile so dazzling? All these glamour girls have it—I wonder why?

2nd REPORTER: It's the dentifrice they use—the New Listerine Tooth Paste with Luster-Foam. It's swell!



JIM: Even if I am your husband, I've got to admit your smile gets more gorgeous daily.

JOAN: Honey, it's that Luster-Foam "bubble bath" in the New Listerine Tooth Paste that does it.



NURSE: Listerine Tooth Paste is designed to go to work on the tiny pits and cracks in enamel—the danger zones where 75% of decay is estimated to start.



LARRY: Will we ever save enough to own one?

LOU: Leave it to me! I'm budgeting everything, including tooth paste. And what a money-saver this New Listerine Tooth Paste is.

WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO TRY IT?

Don't be so wedded to old favorites that you miss out on the utterly different, wholly delightful action that you get with Luster-Foam detergent in the New Listerine Tooth Paste. You'll wonder why you ever used any other paste.

At the first touch of saliva and brush, Luster-Foam detergent leaps into an aromatic, dainty, foaming "bubble bath" that wakes up the mouth. It surges over, around, and in between the teeth to accomplish cleansing that you didn't believe possible. And what dazzling luster it gives.

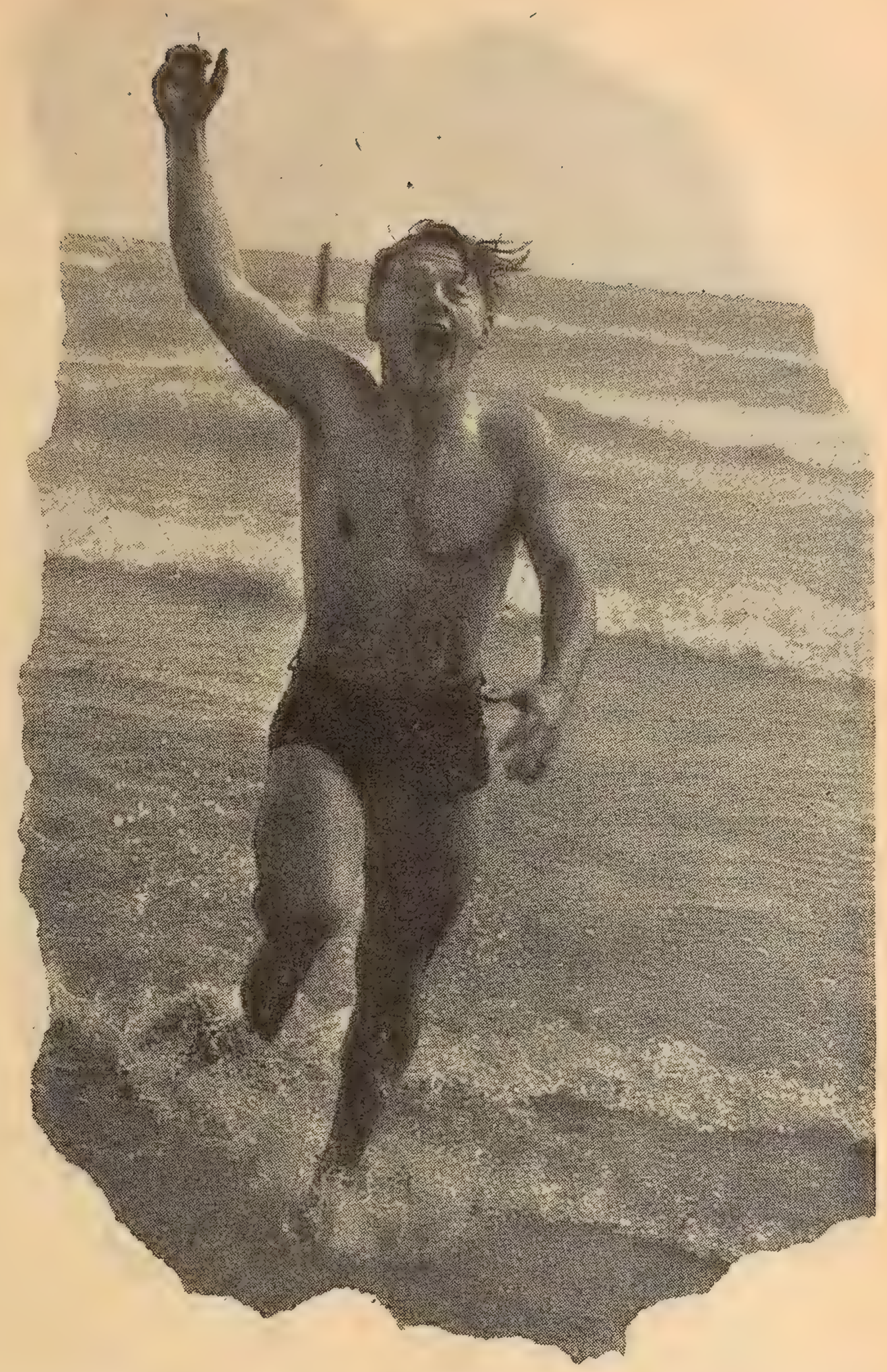
You know this new dentifrice must be delightful, because six million tubes of it were sold in 90 days. In two economical sizes: Regular, 25¢ and big double-size at 40¢, containing more than ¼ of a pound of tooth paste. Lambert Pharmacal Co., *St. Louis, Missouri.*

THE *NEW* FORMULA

***Supercharged with* LUSTER-FOAM**

***P. S.* LISTERINE TOOTH POWDER ALSO CONTAINS LUSTER-FOAM**

Silver Screen



"Boy-oh-boy, was that water swell," cries Mickey (Andy Hardy) Rooney, after the first dip of summer.

HOLLYWOOD gags, which were on the wane for a while, are up and blooming again. Jeanette MacDonald likes to tell about the gag Director Robert Z. Leonard played on Lew Ayres during the production of "Broadway Serenade." On the pretense of trying out a new "mike" Director Leonard asked Lew to stand before the "mike" and repeat the line, "What am I doing?" in various tones of voice and inflections. On Lew's seventh repeat of "What am I doing?" the entire cast and crew yelled, "Making a fool of yourself."

HERE and there, and there and here: Hedy Lemarr and hubby Gene Markey reading each other's tea leaves at the Brown Derby. . . . Gilbert Roland and Connie Bennett rhumba-ing at the El Mirador in Palm Springs. . . . Joan Bennett and David Niven dining at the Tropics. . . . Dorothy Lamour and Wyn Rocamora eating steaks at Dave Chasen's. . . . Joan Crawford talking with Brenda Frazier about Hollywood at the Stork Club in New York. . . . Joan Blondell and Dick Powell having a time for themselves at Lamazes. Dick played the saxophone and Joan did an interpretative dance. Fun for the visiting firemen. . . . Gertrude Neisen having laughs at Slapsie Maxie's with Dick Purcell. . . . Margaret Lindsay and Eddie Norris doing a mean la conga at the La Conga. . . . Marlene Dietrich and Noel Coward in a huddle at the Beverly Derby. . . . Tyrone Power and Annabella just looking at each other at Marcel's. . . . Bette Davis and George Brent lunching together at the studio. Everybody is sure this is a big hot romance, but Bette won't say yes or no, and neither will George.

OH, for the life of a censor. Recently a studio was making a comedy wherein Madeleine Carroll had to give a "come-as-you-were-when-you-were-invited" party. For the party Madeleine wore a slip. Hovering about on the fringes of the crowd was Luigi Luraschi, the studio censor, with a worried look on his face. "What are you doing here?" Madeleine asked him.

"I'm here," explained Luraschi, "to make sure that your slip doesn't slip, Miss Carroll."

ONE of the funniest lines in "Love Affair," a picture we hope you won't fail to see, is when Irene Dunne says to Charles Boyer, "My father used to say that the things in life that are enjoyable are always immoral, illegal, or fattening." All of which reminds us of Lupe Velez' favorite description of Hollywood.

"Hollywood," says Lupe, "is a place where many a girl can't eat if she doesn't get work, and can't get work if she eats." How true, how dismally true.

DAVID NIVEN, who is rapidly becoming the most popular young leading man in Hollywood, just can't resist playing pranks—even when the pranks are on his boss, Sam Goldwyn. David has one of those contracts whereby he has to pay his producer one-half of his earnings outside of the studio. David recently went on the radio for a cheese company, and promptly after the broadcast was given a check—and a hamper of cheese. So David sent Goldwyn half of the check, accompanied by one-half of every cheese package!

THIS could happen only in the Gracie Allen household. Anyway, Gracie's two children are so crazy about school that she punishes them by saying: "Now if you're not good, you can't go to school today!" Imagine!

TWO matador capes heavily embroidered in gold were sent to Gilbert Roland and his brother, Chico, recently, by relatives in Mexico City. The capes belonged to their father, a noted matador of two decades ago.

DOROTHY LAMOUR wears only one ring—a belated (but huge) diamond engagement ring given to her by Herbie Kay two years after their marriage.

SOME particularly tricky dialogue proved too much for James Stewart on the set of "It's a Wonderful World." "I'm certainly disappointed in you, Jimmy," said Director Van Dyke, shaking his head. "Of all the scenes I've directed with Johnny Weissmuller, he never once forgot a line." This bothered the actor to the extent that at noontime he sent over to the script department for dialogue of the Weissmuller pictures. He read them through, cover to cover. The only line Johnny ever had to say was "ugh."

Starlets

The magic wand of beauty has touched them kindly, but the grim struggle for academy awards crowds romance off their track.

By Gladys Hall





Above—Ann Sheridan achieved real screen success only after her marriage went on the rocks. Right—For her career, Pat Morison gave up the title of Countess and a castle in Hungary.

THEY break their own hearts . . . that is the irony of it. They have beauty such as poets die for, these beautiful young stars or novitiate stars of the screen . . . they have youth and the desires of youth; they have love offered them, prodigally, and they have love to give; they want love and, sometimes, they take it. But more often they are afraid of love, afraid of their own desires; more often they break their own hearts with their own driven hands and build the hot, small pieces into Academy Awards, electric lights, the cold fire which flames but seldom warms—the fire called Fame.

"On the days when I am depressed about my work, feel that I cannot act, do not know how to act, cannot learn the English that I am sacrificing my heart's happiness for, oh, for *what?* . . . on such days—ah, I want to go back, back home to Milano, back to that boy I loved there, and left there. I want, then, to have only the nice home, nice children, something *warm.*

This was Isa Miranda speaking, Miranda, of whom Gabriele d'Annunzio said. "She is the most glamorous woman in the world." The Miranda of whom d'Annunzio penned these lyric lines:

"O my Life! Never had my desire for you been greater! I saw all the stars setting in your hair. They went down into impenetrable shadows where lips cannot reach . . ."

Yet Miranda told me: "I fight love . . ."

And young Pat Morison, born in New York, gently born and bred, travelled, product of finishing schools and sound American traditions of home and family and family ways, Pat, a girl of clear vision and sound judgments. A girl, also, with eyes like moonstones under folded wings of dark, dark hair.

Pat told me, "I am up on a ladder, the Real Me, and down there is the girl on the set, the girl on the dance floor, the girl who was so tempted to marry the man she really loved" (the young Austrian Count de Gueron Mornay), "down there is the girl who knows all about the so-called happiness which is the heritage of every human being, the girl whose every instinct and what intelligence she possesses tell her not to be a fool, not to pursue phantoms instead of flesh and blood, not to take the road that has Academy Awards for its milestones."

And all the while that girl on the ladder stays there, a

Find *Love* a Handicap

grim monitor, a persistent prompter, bidding the human girl, the vulnerable one, to study French, study music, go to bed early so that she may rise to work again, not to go out with men, not to dance, not to play lest the flower-baited trap catch her again . . . deadening the small, warm voices . . . yes, that girl stands between happiness and herself."

"Nothing stands between happiness and me but—me" . . . that plaintive, passionately renunciatory phrase, how often they voice it, one way or another, all of these young women, the Mirandas, the Morisons, de Havillands, Nancy Kellys, Florence Rices, Lana Turners, Priscilla Lanes . . . how many goodbyes to happiness have they said, I wonder, how many little dreams have they strangled with their cruel, young hands? . . . how they stand between [*Continued on page* 66]



Beautiful Isa Miranda doesn't dare answer the call of her heart, so afraid is she that fame might catch her napping.

FLASHSHOTS

By Jerome Zerbe

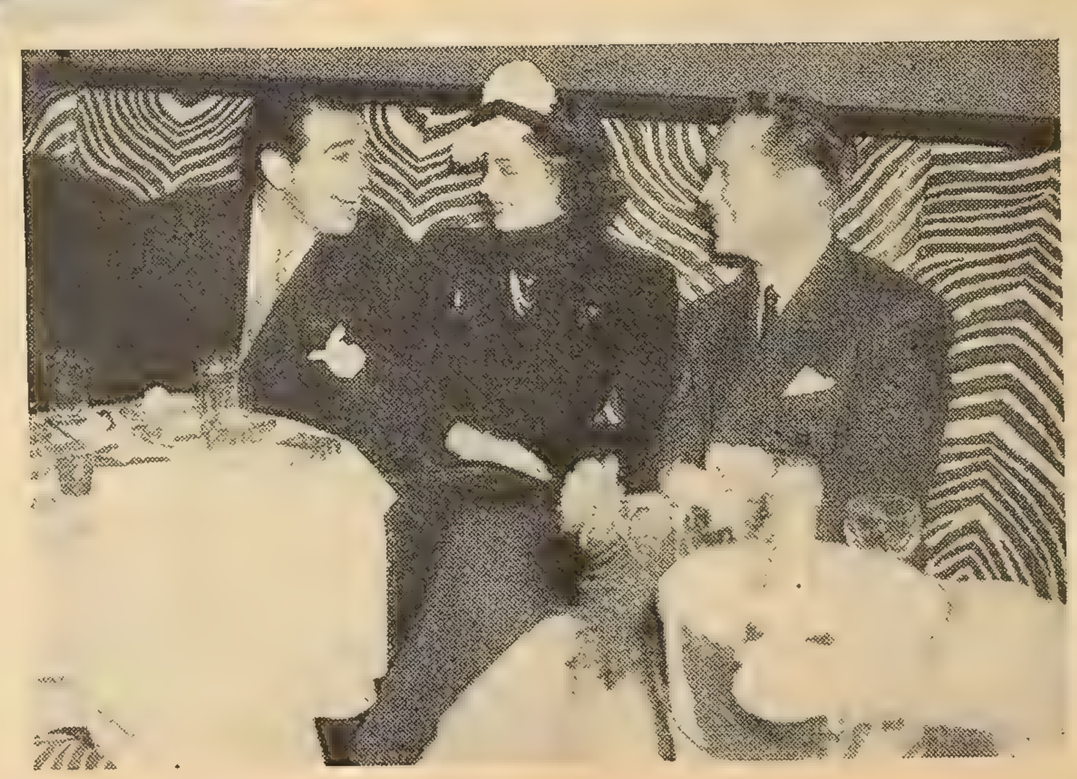
Zerbe catches a bit of the gayety of New York after dark in these candid camera shots of the celebrities who come to see and be seen.



Binnie Barnes relaxes gracefully on a couch while being interviewed. She looks as if she stepped right out of a picture frame in her white taffeta period gown with turquoise stripes.



Dorothy Lamour and Mischa Auer smile obligingly for the birdie.



Even though Ann Graham's heart belongs to Franchot Tone these days, one of Pat de Cicco's tall yarns diverts her attention—temporarily. Ann is one of New York's most beautiful models.

I WANDERED over to the Center Theatre where "The American Way" is packing the house. Freddie and Florence March are the leads in this "Cavalcade" of American life. It was just a half hour before curtain time and dozens of actors were jamming through the stage door. And no wonder, for the show has a cast of two hundred and fifty players. Upstairs on the second floor two green doors were marked with carefully gilded lettering, one with Fredric March, the other Florence Eldridge. There was something so permanent in this lettering. You could tell by that that the show is a hit, just as you could tell by the tastefully decorated dressing rooms behind them. Freddie's aunt was there as he put on his make-up, getting an autograph for a ten-year-old friend of hers. Freddie himself, as well as Florence, love their parts and expect a long run. In fact they are taking a little place in Connecticut for the week-ends this summer. From the loud speaker over the door came gossip of the week about the players. Freddie explained that the cast in off-time organized its own radio broadcasts, did plays, wrote songs. Said he'd never worked with a grander crowd of people.

There was a youthful crowd of autograph seekers clustered outside of the Hotel Pierre waiting to catch Edgar Bergen as he left for the theatre. He was already



It looks like Tony Martin is singing for his supper. In a pinch, he can also play the piccolo and English horn.



Making up between acts of "The American Way." Fredric March and his wife, Florence Eldridge, have a hit on their hands and they don't care who knows it.



Frances Farmer and her husband, Leif Erikson, aren't seen in the night spots often, but when they do come around their youth and good looks attract all eyes.

late and his party rushed him into the waiting car amid cries of "Hey, autograph," "Give me an autograph, you," etc., etc.

One nice kid standing by the curb managed to say ever so politely that he, too, would like an autograph, and Bergen heard him. Calling him up to the car, he gave it to him and said "Thanks, sonny, for your manners." All of which is to say that if film and radio fans, who spend their time waiting outside hotels and restaurants, would be a little more thoughtful they'd have a better chance of getting what they are after.

Bergen had a grand time in New York, even if a reporter out for copy actually kidnapped Charlie McCarthy. However, everyone realized that it was a hoax and Edgar Bergen wasn't worried. Charlie isn't allowed to go out to the night spots. It may be jealousy on Bergen's part, but it seems all the girls insist on kissing Charlie, and lip rouge is mighty hard to wash off. One night Bergen said he'd do an impersonation of Charlie if Mrs. Jack Rocamore, who was at the dinner, would be Bergen. That is, a silent Bergen. The result was almost a riot.

Few movie people who are in [*Continued on page* 63]

On her recent visit to New York Dorothy went dancing every night. Don Ameche's her lucky partner this time.

Which Star Will Be The Next

It's a fascinating question, but the answer is still in the laps of the gods.



Below—Doug Fairbanks, Jr., is a keen competitor for the honor. Left—Jeffrey Lynn caused many a feminine heart to flutter in his initial film, "Four Daughters."





WHILE their fans may consider it sacrilege to suggest that a day will come when Clark Gable, Robert Taylor, Nelson Eddy, and all the rest of our present screen lovers will be out in the cold, the fact remains that such a day is on its way as sure as death and taxes.

From present indications that day is still a long way off, and all the above mentioned are still at their zenith. Nevertheless, dat ole debbil, Experience, has taught us that nothing remains at its peak forever. "What goes up must come down," croaks the old adage, and of nothing is this more cruelly true than of a Hollywood career.

The cause is sometimes difficult to foresee or to guard against. A sudden scandal. A too sensational bit of publicity. One or two poor pictures. And the star is out like a light!

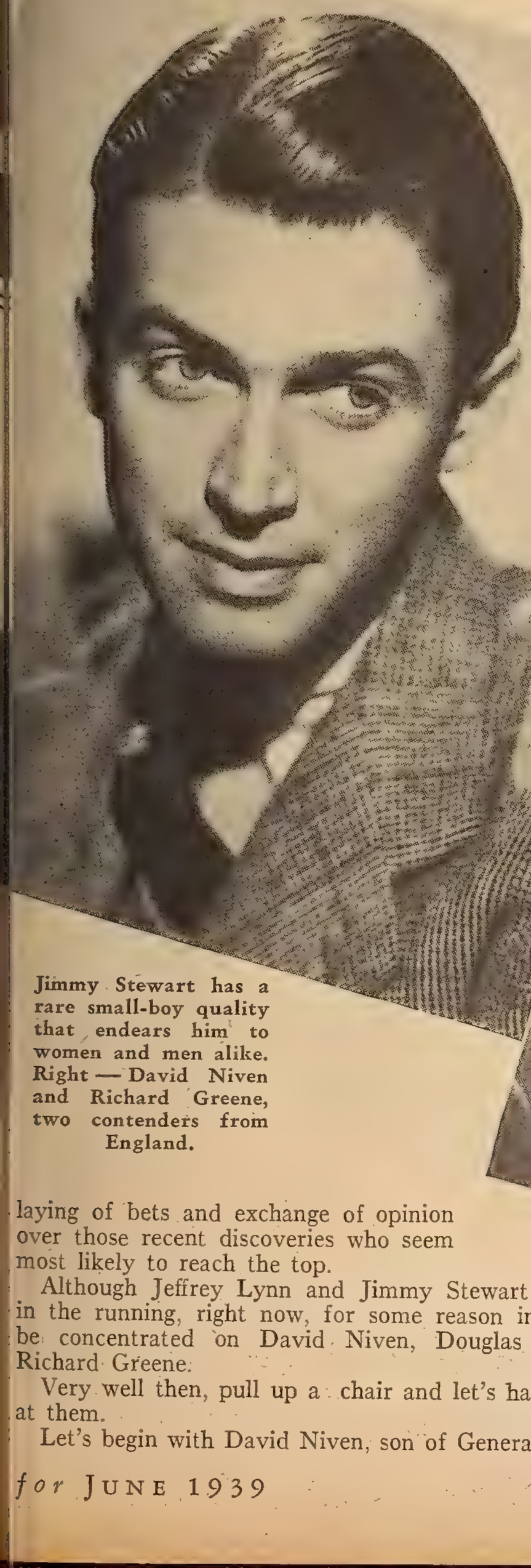
Small wonder then that the studios not only use every precaution to safeguard their stars of the moment, but also spend unlimited funds and much ingenuity to discover and build up new players to step into the fallen stars' places.

To those of us on the side lines it is usually more interesting to watch a career in the making than after it is firmly established, and there is consequently much

Head Of The *Heart throb Department?*

By
Juliette Laine





Jimmy Stewart has a rare small-boy quality that endears him to women and men alike. Right — David Niven and Richard Greene, two contenders from England.

laying of bets and exchange of opinion over those recent discoveries who seem most likely to reach the top.

Although Jeffrey Lynn and Jimmy Stewart are very much in the running, right now, for some reason interest seems to be concentrated on David Niven, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Richard Greene.

Very well then, pull up a chair and let's have a closer look at them.

Let's begin with David Niven, son of General William Niven and Lady Comyn-Platt. So far, young David has occupied only secondary positions—but with what distinction! Beginning as just a pleasant young man in rather colorless roles, he soon showed a bright flair for comedy—remember "Three Blind Mice"?—while in "Dawn Patrol" he almost ran off with the picture. Now when an almost unknown young man can steal a picture from Errol Flynn and Basil [*Continued on page* 65]

Ginger Rogers loves to keep going—a vacation to her between pictures sounds like an athlete's workout to us.



She's Like Sparkling Champagne

By Elizabeth Wilson

ONE of the hardest working gals in this town (I bet you think I am going to say *me*) is Ginger Rogers. They rush poor Ginger right from one picture to another (but can you *blame* them?) and when she isn't in front of the camera she is kept so busy with dance routines, fittings, photographers, and song rehearsals that that babe certainly doesn't have much time for thumb-twiddling. So when Ginger takes a few days off to loaf it's news. With me it's vice versa.

Now, of course, Ginger's form of loafing would send the average loafer into a complete breakdown. The loafers I know, and don't tell me I don't know a *flock* of them, ask for nothing better than to stretch themselves out in the sun, with a long drink and a fly swatter, and not move for hours, maybe days. But not Ginger. She loafs athletically. With a tennis racket in one hand, a fishing rod in the other, and a saddle swung across her back.

Her mother, the popular Lela Rogers, likes to tell about the time Ginger went vacationing in the beautiful town of Ojai in the mountains north of Hollywood. Mrs. Rogers called the hotel at six o'clock one afternoon and asked to speak to her daughter. "She's gone to bed," said the manager, "and cannot be disturbed." "In bed, so early?" said Mrs. Rogers.

"Well," answered the manager, "she was up at four this morning riding horseback. After that she played tennis for two hours, swam several hours, played ping pong and golf, and she's just worn out."

And there was the time last year when Ginger took a few days off to go fishing in Canada. She wrote her mother, "I was up at One A.M. and before Two had sailed out to the spot where they said the fish would bite plentifully. But I guess they were still asleep because I didn't get a nibble."

Well, I always say if you get up even before a fish gets up you're awfully active, or something.

Ginger claims that sports relax her. She can't sit still on a porch and watch the world go by. (Some people are like that, I hear.) If you ever meet Harriet Hilliard she will tell you about the time she and Ginger were making "Follow the Fleet." Harriet had only done two scenes during the day and was completely worn out and could hardly wait to get to bed. Ginger had been in every scene, and had done dance routines during the lunch hour. Ginger had invited Harriet to her home to spend the night and when they left the studio at six-thirty Harriet had visions of dinner on a tray and bed. But not Ginger. As soon as she got home she played several sets of tennis, and then cooked the dinner herself—steaks, out on her barbecue grill of which she is very proud.

When I intimated to Ginger once that swinging a racquet or a paddle was no way to loaf, and intimated that she might be just a little bit crazy, she intimated back that I was. So now I don't know. But I do know that Ginger never worries. She is



Filling in that "empty half hour" with a peppy game of badminton with a little friend.

not the worrying type. She's not like Fred Astaire, Irene Dunne, Spencer Tracy, and most of the stars in Hollywood. When she rests, if you want to call it resting, she isn't worrying, and believe me, in this town, that's something. "The minute I get away from the studio *and* the telephone," says Ginger, "I relax. I may be jumping over fences, but I'm resting." Ginger has a telephone complex. Its constant ringing is the only thing that ties her up in knots.

I met Ginger the other afternoon at the hairdresser's. The same hairdresser's where late one April afternoon six years ago Lew Ayres called her for the first time and rather shyly asked for a date—and Ginger was about to say yes when she suddenly noticed that the floor of the salon was coming up to slap her. Hollywood was having its best earthquake to date. Though Ginger and Lew have been separated several years they have never gotten a divorce, and their friends still hope that now that Lew is doing so well on the screen once more there'll be a reconciliation.

Well, anyway, Ginger was just going under the dryer when I noticed that she had a new batch of freckles, and so, quick like a Sherlock Holmes, I deducted that she had been loafing again. Ginger has a very delicate skin, like all real red-heads, and so freckles very easily. And, like Myrna Loy, she doesn't mind at all. When she goes on one of her loafing trips she uses a complexion oil instead of make-up. In fact Ginger rarely uses make-up away from the studio except when she gets herself all prettied up at nights to go dancing. Ginger never freckles on her nose, for some weird reason, but she does freckle on her cheekbones and around her hairline.

"So you snapped back to Virginia McGrath," I said, pointing to the new freckles (what manners, Miss W.) "and had yourself a vacation! What did you really do?"

Dryers being what they are, you probably heard Ginger and me way over there in Newark but in case you weren't listening I'll tell you what Ginger had to say anent the gentle art of eluding publicity men and fan writers and having herself a real vacation. When a star can do that in this neck of the woods she's really very clever.

"I found that I had two days before production started on 'The Little Mother,'" said Ginger, "so I decided to run down to the desert and get a good dose of sunshine before I checked in at the factory. When I work I get up at six, that ungodly hour, and after I have seen rushes it's seven at night before I leave the studio, so I don't get to see much of this California sunshine." (Six is only an "ungodly" hour to Miss Rogers when she is working, when she is playing it is a heavenly hour, much to her friends' distress.)

"I decided to go down to Palm Springs. So I called my cousin Phyllis Fraser and we got an early start—about five, I guess it was. I packed the picnic things in the coupe and in the woods back of Redlands I made coffee and fried bacon and eggs while Phyllis yawned. You know me— [*Continued on page* 68]



She just can't keep those dancing legs still! Ginger plays a snappy game of tennis and you have to move fast to keep up with her. They say she won't dance — well, not much—in her next film, "Little Mother," and we're getting gloomy already.

"Yip-ee!" yells Ginger, while off on an early morning canter in the desert, BB—meaning Before Breakfast.



Two Clever Fellows Who Found It



Francis Lederer arrived with a trunk full of lofty ideas and ideals, but he wasn't able to keep them unpacked for long.

Hollywood exacts penalties, to be sure—but how those penalties pay!

By

Jerry Asher

THERE are one or two things left in Hollywood that money can't buy. All right, I *will* name one of them! Take ideals, for instance. And if you can take 'em to Hollywood, sooner or later they take you. They are truly Hollywood's greatest luxury. Their price comes high and cannot be valued in terms of dollars and cents.

Hollywood heroes who cling tenaciously to ideals, eventually discover they are wrong for Hollywood—although right for themselves. Through bitter experience they learn that they must change. Some are forced through necessity. Others recognize the futility and wisely make the adjustment before it is too late. In the long run they find it better to bend to the rule, than be broken by it.

Better to Bend than to Break



A little bundle from heaven wrought the miracle in George Murphy's somewhat static career.

Francis Lederer and George Murphy are two who lived to learn that they were wrong, according to the rules and regulations of the Hollywood game. Even in his brief stellar moment, John Garfield has already come to the realization that there is only one way to follow the pattern of Hollywood success. Lew Ayres finally gave in (with certain reservations) and is once more at the top. John Beal quit the film city cold, because he retained his beliefs. But John will be back and so will Franchot Tone, who affected a charming compromise.

Louis Hayward discovered he could be the idol today, idle tomorrow. And he was powerless to put up a fight. After years of standing firm, George Brent opened his heart and mind and decided to allow himself the treatment of a star. David Niven and Sam Goldwyn have called off their feud. No longer will David refuse to play certain parts. Cesar Romero sacrificed his rights to a private life, when the studio decreed that he would be the glamour girl's delight.

Of the many examples where Hollywood stars were right for their ideals and wrong for the executive's money, Francis Lederer paid the hard way. How simple it would have been if someone had taken Francis quietly aside and explained that in Hollywood movie stars were only supposed to look handsome and crusade for the box office. But Francis had to discover this and many other painful things, before he realized how wrong he was and how much damage had been done.

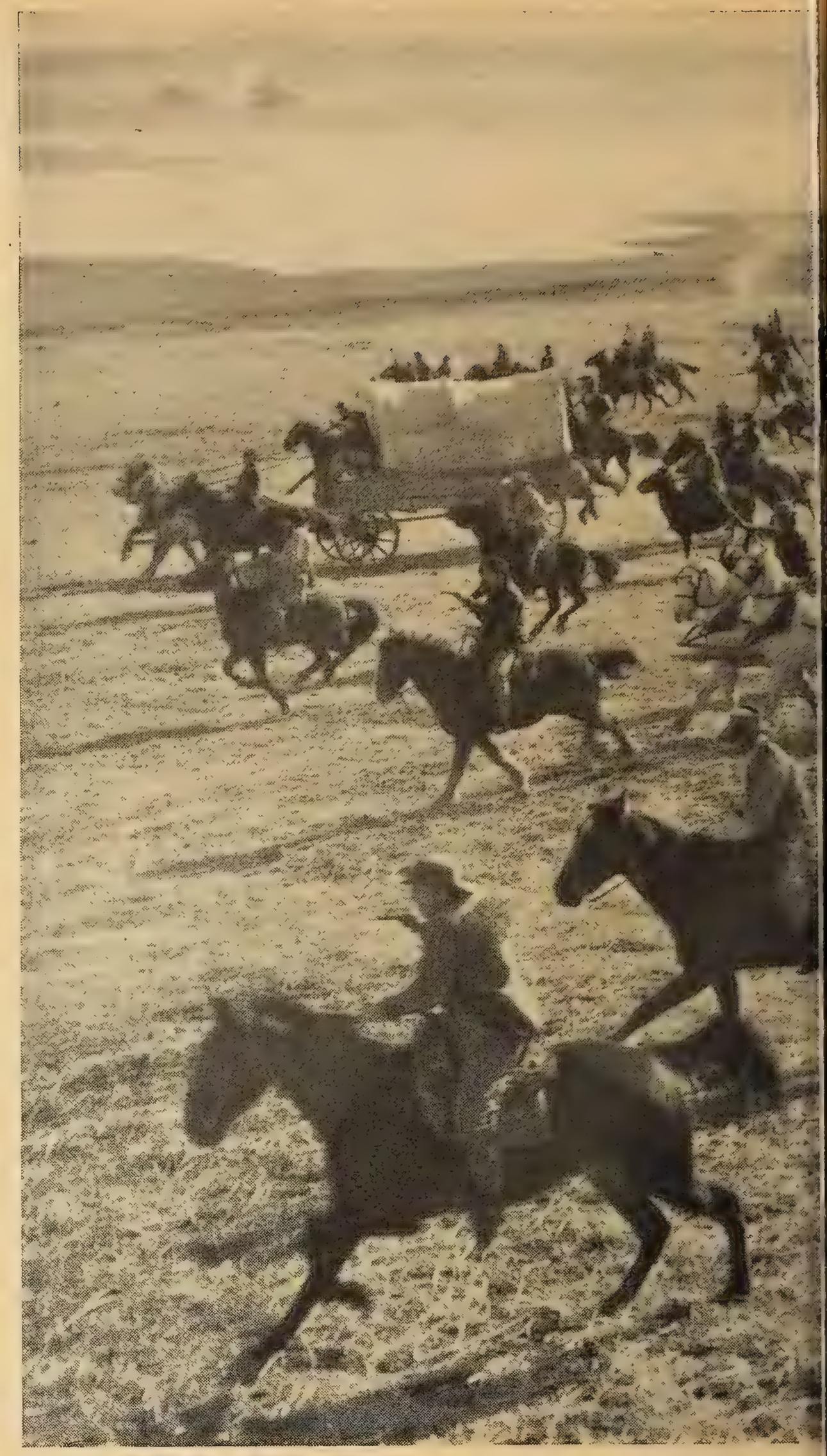
Bubbling over with genuine enthusiasm, Francis arrived in Hollywood with two great dreams in his heart. One was to *make fine pictures*, to *give fine performances*. Through the medium of Hollywood channels, Francis also saw the possibility of carrying on with an ideal that will live with him forever. He hoped his reputation as a star would make it possible for him to talk on radios, speak on stages, give out interviews on his plan to establish world peace.

Granted that it might have been an impossible, impractical task. There isn't a mother, sister or wife who sees Francis on the screen today, who shouldn't revere him for at least trying to avert a tragedy that is threatening the world today. Francis saw [*Continued on page* 74]

On location, in the San Joaquin Valley, with the "Man of Conquest" troupe.

By

Sam X. Barbanel



THREE hundred men and one girl made the three hundred mile trip from Hollywood to Stockton, California, with the Republic troupe to film action scenes for "Man of Conquest," which is the dramatization of the life of Sam Houston. Lone feminine representative was Betty Good, the script girl. Gail Patrick and Joan Fontaine, who have the feminine leads, weren't required for location shooting, since only the battle scenes—the Battle of San Jacinto and the Battle of the Alamo—were shot on location.

Stars who were on location included Richard "Sam Houston" Dix, C. Henry Gordon, Victor Jory, Robert Armstrong, George "Gabby" Hayes, Max Terhune, and William Benedict.

Headquarters were in Stockton, but the actual shooting site was 36 miles out of Stockton, in Salt Springs Valley Reservoir in the San Joaquin Valley. This site was an exact reproduction of the actual ground on which Sam Houston routed Santa Anna's army on the flats against the Bay of San Jacinto in 1836. High terrain, with thick brush, which slopes into dry, level prairie and then runs into marshland and a body of water is the spot called Salt Springs Valley Reservoir.

Salt Springs Valley is historic itself. It served as a watering place for the hardy pioneers who made the long trek to San Francisco in '49 and afterwards.

The 36 miles between headquarters and the actual spot where the cameras rolled made me grateful for long underwear. The troupe had to be set up and ready to shoot when the red circle of sun first peeked over the rim of the San Joaquin mountains. Therefore the morning calls were set at five o'clock!

In case you haven't ever been up at five in the morning, you might be interested to know that it's awfully dark, awfully chilly, and awfully depressing. Richard Dix told me that he was used to getting up at that time to do ranching chores, but he told me that when the car we were riding in was just outside of Stockton and it was still dark, and one of my eyes was still shut and the other only half open as a courtesy to the company I was riding with, so I thought maybe I dreamed it.

But practice brought ready wakefulness. Toward the end of the first week I was able to open wide my eyes at the first roar of the hotel room buzzer and spring, yes spring, from bed. My body rebelled at first, but I stirred up my dormant Spartan courage, and so was able to make it down to breakfast on time without missing the cars.

It's during that chilling moment when a fellow gets out of bed in the darkness that he appreciates the comforts of long underwear. One derives a feeling of warmness from the very sight of the ungainly things. Again, when out on location, the wind would rip and cut and further enhance my appreciation of this oft-maligned article of wearing apparel. It's an unglamorous custom, but every star that's ever come out of Hollywood has worn long flannel underwear where possible on location. Since "Man of Conquest" is a costume picture, the flannel garments could be worn without de-glamorizing effects.

The studio brought along its own fleet of autos. There were twenty sedans and three buses. Extra players rode in the buses, or were supposed to ride in them. Frequently Richard Dix, Jory, Armstrong or the other higher paid players were found riding in the buses, with the Cadillacs and Packards filled with grips and stunt men, riding in luxury.

This first-come, first-served method of transportation was just another example of the complete lack of "caste" privilege in the troupe. There was no special car for stars or Director George Nicholls, Jr., no special hotel accommodations, no special meals, no special anything. The only special courtesies were shown Betty Good, the script girl, although she asked to be regarded "as one of the boys," a request heartily granted.

I asked Dix about this "one of the boys" attitude of the location troupe.

"Well," Rich smiled, "there's no room for temperament or privilege in a troupe. We're 300 miles away from Hollywood, where there's no room nor time for folderol and pomp. We've got a job to do, and it's a job requiring complete co-operation of every single member of the gang. In these battle scenes, where wrong timing of a split second may mean serious injury, where every man must do his job perfectly, where time means triple expense, you've got to feel complete harmony. Besides, you'll find the lowest man on a troupe might be just as interesting as the next fellow. You're considered just one man with a job to do. You'd be surprised how uncomfortable a troupe can make you feel if you demand privileges the other fellow doesn't get."

So the entire gang sat down at the same hotel tables; on location they were served the same box lunches by a commissary working out of Stockton. And they'd eat their lunches sprawled on the ground, or sitting on the fenders of automobiles. At night, extras, technicians, stars, juicers would pal around together. Maybe they'd take in a movie, or go bowling. But there was no room for night life. You have to be on your toes every minute the sun is shining, because every man's



100 Years Later

The famous battle charge of Sam Houston against the Mexicans, which brought independence to the State of Texas, is now immortalized by the films.

Richard Dix, as General Sam Houston.

duties are absolutely necessary before a camera can roll on a battle scene, which means you have to crawl out of warm blankets *practically* in the middle of a chilly night. So, no gallivanting!

And that brings us to the technique of shooting battle scenes. Few people realize that it takes an entire day to line up such a scene, because there are thrill shots, explosions, and falls entailed in such shots, and thus there can be only one take, with only the barest outline of a rehearsal.

Breezy Eason, one of the best supervisors of thrill shots in the industry, handled the battle scenes for "Man of Conquest."

Let's watch Eason supervise the charge of Sam Houston's army down to the Mexican breast-works. Wagons and riders, led by Dix, have to gallop down a rough terrain, while bullets and cannonballs shatter their ranks. Five hundred extras, plus the stars and featured players, participated in the scene.

As soon as his cast was on location, Eason went to work. He had to contact each and every one of the 200 Hollywood extras and show them with a diagram just what they were to do. These extras were interspersed among the 300 local extras hired from the vicinity.

It takes time to instruct 500 individuals on their duties for one shot. Then stunt men have to be deadly certain of timing with the explosives crew. This crew, headed by Lee Zavits, planted explosives over the ground to be covered by the charging army of Sam Houston. [*Continued on page* 74]

"Blondie"—Our Cutest Star

Penny Singleton is also one of the happiest girls. It is such a lovely, exciting world!



The studio calls and the famous little star of "Blondie" sets forth from her play house.



Wherever she goes she takes a dancing heart popping with happiness. When she gets home there is all that gorgeous housework to do.

WHEN I first noticed her she was a dark-haired, exotic, petite beauty who wore a can-can skirt (and had the legs to go with it) and who was pushed around a good deal in the picture, "After the Thin Man." She was the sultry type who was a cinch to be pushed around in pictures. Choked, you know. And bruised. Her name seemed a trifle incongruous. It was Dorothy McNulty.

Well, you can't blame me, after all, if no bell tinkled in the part of my brain which is supposed to remember people when I met Penny Singleton, who is currently starring in the homey comedies which are based on the comic strip, "Blondie." Because Penny isn't exotic. She isn't sultry. She isn't brunette. No man in his senses would ever push her around or poke her in the nose. He'd try to cuddle her. She is blonde, she is dainty, she is as domestic and wholesome as freshly churned butter. Yet she and the erstwhile sultry and exotic Dorothy McNulty are one and the same gal.

Let me tell you a little about Penny first and then I'll try to explain this amazing quick-change trick of hers.

Penny is breathless. She leaves you breathless, too. I've never seen a more excited young woman. It's all too, too . . . well, wait a minute. She's got me doing it!

She lives in a little white house which looks exactly like a birthday cake. There is a white fence, a wicket gate, a flagged

By
Helen Louise Walker



Penny and "Diji" (pronounced Dee Gee), her daughter, who some day will be very proud of her mama.

walk leading across a pocket-handkerchief, rose-strewn lawn which I declare is dripping with frosting.

I sat down in the oyster-white and pastel living room and Penny bounded, like a startled rabbit, from points East. "Oh, SO sorry to have kept you waiting! I thought I'd be ready. . . . Please forgive me."

I'd been waiting about ten seconds so I forgave her. She sat down opposite me, pulled her knees up under her chin and began to prattle, fondling the laces on her shoes. She was talking a little faster than I could listen, so for a while I just watched her. Her blonde (oh, very blonde!) hair was done in a funny little top knot which dripped curls over her forehead and tendrils down the back of her neck. She had on blue slacks and a lilac sweater and a rose and lilac scarf. Her nose is an agitated pink button and she has freckles on her arms. She waves her hands a great deal because she can't talk without gesturing. And she *does* talk!

She had just finished the second picture in the "Blondie" series—this one is called, "Blondie Meets the Boss"—and she thought it was SO much better than the first one. She paused and inquired, with some suspicion, "Did you *see* the first one?" I assured her hastily that I had seen it and enjoyed it and she became complacent again. "Wait until you see the new one. This time I go to the office, instead of Dagwood, and we've reversed a lot of the gags . . ."

There was silence for a surprising moment and then she said, "You want to see my house, don't you? It isn't all furnished yet. Generally, I don't like to show people around it much, on that account. But you're a person with a house of your own so you'll understand . . ."

We viewed the miniature ivory and brown rumpus room which adjoins a patio with a barbecue pit. Penny was deeply concerned about marks on the painted white floor which had been caused by moving the radio cabinet out for dusting. We discussed methods of removing marks from floors. "The radio is defunct at the moment," Penny confided. "But I have to dust it just the same!"

We looked into the rose-sprigged bedroom and Penny told me of her plans for simply *enormous* new beds, "because my husband is so long . . . he has to have something special to sleep on!" We looked at "Diji's" room ("Diji" is the nickname of Penny's three-year-old daughter, Dorothy) and examined a remarkable collection of dolls. We surveyed a somewhat vacant tract of ground at the rear of the house and it bloomed in prospect as she told me what she planned to plant there.

We drifted to the kitchen. "Here," trilled Penny, "is the ironing board!" She interrupted herself. "Oh, my goodness! This is Scroggs. My husband. Dr. Singleton."

Dr. Singleton acknowledged the introduction. He was, it developed, engaged in eating bread and butter and sardines. He confided that he was going to play golf a little later and that he needed fortifying.

His whole name is Dr. Lawrence Scroggs Singleton and he is an orthodontist in Beverly Hills, and I wish to go on record just here as announcing that no guy who looks like that should be left just fussing around with children's crooked teeth—even Beverly Hills teeth. He's six feet four and he has such a widow's peak and such a chin . . . and . . . what are our talent scouts doing, anyhow? I hope I have made it clear that Dr. Lawrence Scroggs Singleton is a knockout.

In the living room Penny resumed her chatter. The new fireplace set which she had bought the day before—the curtains she planned for the rumpus room—the recipe for meat balls she had discovered—and wasn't it time to set out pansies? Dr. Singleton joined us and told me about the room over the garage which they were planning to turn into servants' quarters.

"Tell Miss Walker what you use it for now!" Penny giggled.

Dr. Singleton said, gravely, "It's my sulking room. If I'm not pleased about something, Penny shoos me up there to sulk and smoke my pipe until I feel better. Don't know what I'll do without it when we have it rebuilt."

Penny does all her own work, excepting her laundry, when she is not busy on a picture. When [*Continued on page* 64]



A poignant scene from "Dark Victory," in which Bette Davis has another chance to prove that she is one of our greatest dramatic actresses

Nothing short of perfection will satisfy these stars. For make-believe is their entire world.

By Ed Sullivan

SO MUCH stress has been placed, ill-advisedly, on the salaries the movie stars draw down that it is really high time somebody suggested that even if they were paid only a tithe of what they get that they'd keep on acting. Your true artist never has quibbled about money. It is the joy of expressing something deeply felt that distinguishes an artist, and, believe me, there are hundreds of fine artists making pictures. The people who are drawing down big salaries in Hollywood are the same people who worked on all of the Broadways of the country in stock companies not many seasons ago, getting hardly enough to make a go of it, but acting because they have a deep love for it.

They would have you believe that Robert Montgomery is a difficult person to get along with. It is one of the common libels of the town. Not long ago, Louis K. Sidney, who conducts the "Good News" program for M-G-M, came across a dramatic sketch which was singularly fitted for his St. Patrick's Day program. Sidney read it and called a messenger from the big office downstairs. "Take this to Mr. Montgomery and tell his secretary that I'd like Mr. Montgomery to read this."

In fifteen minutes, there was a commotion in the hall outside Sidney's office and Montgomery burst in: "Lou, this is marvelous—this sketch," said Montgomery, "I'd love to play it." Sidney nodded: "I knew that would be your reaction, Bob. Not only would I like to have you play it, but if you wish, I'd like to have you direct the whole thing and cast it."

Montgomery, supposedly a difficult person to get along with, took on the entire burden of directing, casting and playing in the sketch. At no time was there any discussion of money, no discussion of the hours involved or the labors of staging it. Here was a piece of writing that Montgomery enjoyed, as an artist, and he was overjoyed to express it. Those of you who heard "Fate Isn't Always a Lady" and were thrilled by Montgomery's performance and the performances of the cast that he selected must have sensed the something extra that all of them projected. I heard it in the car as we were driving down from San Francisco and, rather than lose any part of it, we pulled in at the side of the road and turned off the motor so that the chance of static was lessened.

I'll grant you this—that Montgomery or any other first-flight actor or actress will be difficult to get along with if the writing or the direction of a picture is second-rate. By the same token, a Rembrandt would have let out roars if asked to work with inferior tools or in collaboration with an inferior artist. However the impatience of a big leaguer with minor league methods is natural and inevitable. Montgomery must be measured by his reaction to fine and interesting writing, and this particular incident illustrates that.

Money actually plays a com-

Means More to Them Than Orchids and Polo Ponies

paratively unimportant part in shaping these Hollywood careers. For the very good and sufficient reason that income taxes hit most heavily at those who rate the biggest salaries. I was sitting with Wally Beery a few days ago in his Sunset Boulevard home, and for the purpose of his wife's divorce action, he had assembled his income tax statements since 1925. "I've made almost $2,000,000 since 1925," he reflected wryly, "and these income tax statements solve the problem of where most of it has gone. I've paid $1,000,000 to the government and living expenses, the necessity of putting up a 'front,' accounts for the rest of it."

Jack Benny, who is being pilloried for his alleged evasion of $500 in Customs duty, paid $256,000 last year in income taxes: "As a result, I just about broke even," Benny tells you, "but the public believes that we salt away a fortune. The fellow who makes $100 a week is better off than all of us in Hollywood."

Despite the fact that income taxes and living expenses eat up the profits, there is no actor or actress out here who would do anything different. They love to act. It is the salt of their existence, flavoring it with an indefinable tang. Neither hell nor high water could keep them from it. It is the only thing to them that is important and worthwhile.

Previews in Hollywood are gaudy affairs, because they are whipped up by publicity departments and are intended to bedazzle the country at large, which is a sound exploitation policy. But the most impressive part of a preview is inside the theatre, when the lights are down. On the screen a newcomer or a veteran is playing a scene, and suddenly the delivery of a line or a particular piece of business has so much quality and "class" that the case-hardened audience breaks into spontaneous applause. It is at moments like this that you get a slant at the real Hollywood, actors and actresses applauding another one because he has accomplished something as an interpreter that sets him on a high plane of artistry.

An interview with Bette Davis is characterized by her absorbing interest in performers: "There's a little girl in the company, Ed, who is a born trouper—wait until you see what Litvak does with that scene in the parlor—did you see Massey's 'Lincoln' while you were east." She goes on and on, rapid, incisive, but always the subject of conversation is THEATRE. She lives, breathes and eats of it.

Paul Muni is shy and diffident, yet if you intrigue his interest with an account of some performance you have just seen, he will talk animatedly until his wife comes to the door of the living room and says reproachfully: "Muni, you are half an hour late for that appointment." Muni, without even halting the flow of thought on which he is embarked, will wave absently and say: "Yes, yes, yes, dear—I will be leav-

[*Cont. on page* 61]



Paul Muni's superb characterization of Louis Pasteur thrilled many—and also brought him the deepest thrill of his life.



Left — It's a shame they don't give Bob Montgomery subtle character parts to play. He's a real trouper wasted on playboy rôles. Above — Wallace Beery, always the rugged individualist.



Kate Smith having ice cream and cake with her manager, Ted Collins, who guides her every radio move. Kate is one girl who made good in a big way—and that's no pun, either.

They Bait the



BECAUSE of the glamour that surrounds radio stars, few persons realize how important to each is his own Man Friday. For the ether celebrities—be they singers, comedians, orchestra leaders or masters-of-ceremonies—could not possibly give the smooth performance that seems to come so effortlessly over your loudspeaker if each did not have a very efficient shock absorber and "re-buffer" to keep away the stresses and strains that drain the actor's energy.

In numerous instances the influence of this seldom-seen, scarcely-heard-of Man Friday is so great that he is practically the "silent voice" in radio, for in a great many cases it is only by his guidance that the star has found a secure place in the radio sky.

Perhaps the best example of this is the relationship between Kate Smith and her manager, Ted Collins. He has guided all of her activities ever since she began her sensational radio career. His complete faith in her ability when others said "her weight is against her" is vindicated by the fact that she has been the only performer to buck successfully the opposition of Rudy Vallee's program. By her side at every broadcast, stage show and public performance, in private life Ted and Mrs. Collins are her best friends. It is said that he knows more about the real Kate Smith—her moods, her fancies, her ambitions and her shortcomings—than she knows about herself.

And yet the way this association came about would rival a Hollywood scenario, so much stranger than fiction is the truth. For at that time Collins was associated with the Columbia Phonograph Company. Missing the

train to his Long Island home one night, he decided to fill in the several hours' wait by seeing a show. He picked the musical comedy "Flying High" and in it he saw a newcomer to Broadway, a heavy but graceful girl, steal the applause of the audience with her singing and dancing.

He was so impressed that he forgot his train and waited for the closing curtain in order to go backstage and introduce himself. After a chat with Kate, she agreed to come up to the Columbia studios the next day for a test. Her rich, full voice recorded perfectly and she was engaged for phonograph recordings. Then there happened one of those things that are so often the basis of a successful partnership: a sincere friendship, based on understanding, was formed. His training told him that Kathryn—as she is called by her family and intimate friends—had the sparkling wholesomeness that the country at large would appreciate. She in turn felt that he was the ideal showman to take her in hand. So, a few months later he gave up his other business interests to become her manager.

When I asked him the other day to tell me more about their partnership, he said: "I take great pride in the fact that Kathryn places her entire career and business affairs in my hands. Since our association started on May 1, 1931, she has left everything to me. You might be interested to know that, despite the many ramifications of our business today, there has never been a written contract between us. We have only a verbal agreement but because we have so much faith in each other's ability, it is more binding than the most iron-clad written contract could be."

So well has he guided her destiny that a few years ago they organized the Kated Corporation—a combination of both their given names—to take care of the various commercial enterprises in which they are interested aside from her radio work. Thus by making such a successful career of developing Kate Smith's career, Ted Collins is now acknowledged a backstage power in radioland.

The comedy team formally known as Freeman F. Gosden and Charles J. Correll probably doesn't give you a laugh under that name until you realize that those are the real monikers of those lovable scamps Amos 'n' Andy. Then you begin to appreciate why their Man Friday, who is a girl named Louise Summa, thinks she has the nicest job in the world. Her bosses think well of her, too.

Confidante, adviser and co-worker, she calls her job a return on an investment in friendship she extended to them about a dozen years ago. In those days she was working for an amusement concern that staged amateur theatricals and circuses all over the country, and they were just a couple of irrepressible young men, meager in resources but rich in ambition. She was their friend and gave them many pointers about their act. Often they would say that she would have to work for them when their "ship came in."

She kept in touch with them as they struggled for recognition, and it was finally a suggestion from her that changed the pattern of their lives. Radio was still feeling its way and they were working as a singing team at the time.

"I must admit they weren't very good," she recalled with a smile. "One night they sang the 'Kinky Kids Parade,' a hit song of the time, and interpolated a line of patter done in Negro dialect. Correll was the bullying major and Gosden the persecuted private. It was the first time they had ever done dialect on the air but it was so successful that they were called upon to do it over and over again. With each repetition, it grew more and more elaborate. Gosden kept introducing more and more characters, all of whom he impersonated. And right then and there, quite inadvertently, the pattern for the future Amos and Andy relationship was created."

One day the three were at lunch together when she asked them why they didn't do a whole act in the same dialect. The boys thought about the suggestion for a few days and then went to work on their first dramatic script. It was the opening episode of the show they originally called "Sam and Henry." [*Continued on page* 71]

Networks

Like Robinson Crusoe each radio star has a Man Friday of his own.

By Ruth Arell



Left—Those lovable scamps, Amos and Andy, even owe their radio monikers to Louise Summa.

Dave Elman originated the Hobby Lobby program, but it was his wife who gave him the idea.

Phyllis Keeps Them Guessing



Ever since Cary Grant started "rushing" Phyllis Brooks, the gossip hounds have been on their trail.

By Whitney Williams

LOOK at Phyllis Brooks, and you see a girl apparently little different from any other attractive young actress in Hollywood. She doesn't set the world on fire when she enters a night spot, even though her smooth blonde and ivory beauty is the envy of half the women in the film capital . . . and she scarcely symbolizes star-glamour—*a la* Dietrich—as you watch her buy a smart chapeau at Magnin's, or catch her at a Hollywood first-night. No, you wouldn't say that this girl had anything the rest didn't . . .

And that's where you'd be wrong, gentle reader, dead wrong.

Cary Grant noticed it the first time he met her. Hollywood's gayest and most sought-after blade recognized in this sleek and slender stream-lined number something he hadn't found before, and immediately set out to cultivate it. George S. Kaufman, the Broadway playwright, also instinctively sensed it as he chatted with her at a filmdom party. And even the most casual conversation reveals a quality you won't forget. Which makes the story of Phyllis Brooks all the more extraordinary, particularly considering how Hollywood treated her the first time she was here.

She didn't intend to become an actress.

"I've had the yearning ever since childhood, but I studied to be an artist," she tells you in level tones, "I was a student at the Chicago Art Institute for five years."

Before going to Hollywood, Phyllis posed for many of New York's leading artists. You will see her soon in "Charlie Chan in Reno."

Her father was an industrial engineer, and when Phyllis was born, the family chanced to be residing in Boise, Idaho. "But we left there soon afterwards," she says, "because of Dad's profession, and lived all over the country . . . St. Paul, Grand Rapids, Milwaukee, Chicago, finally New York. I got most of my education, with the exception of those five years at the Institute, on the fly."

In New York, while wondering what to do, her appealing beauty and shapely figure attracted the attention of John La Gatta, the illustrator, who induced her to pose for him. Other artists used her, too, until she gained the reputation of being one of the best models in New York. Then, her likeness appeared on an Ipana toothpaste advertisement.

Immediately, Phyllis was a pursued young woman. That smiling face caught the eyes of film scouts, who insisted she was a perfect film type. She took a screen test, upon the behest of Universal Studios, and was awarded a short contract with that organization. Her screen debut came in "I've Been Around," with Chester Morris and Rochelle Hudson.

"For eighteen long and discouraging months, I wooed and tempted fame and success," Phyllis declares. "From Universal, I went to Paramount. RKO gave me a contract, too, but I didn't seem to be getting any place.

"I felt that I had something to offer, but I never got a real opportunity to display it. Just hanging on and waiting for the break is not the sort of procedure which goes in Hollywood. I learned that quickly. So I folded my tent, as it were, like the proverbial Arab, and entrained for New York."

Her decision to leave the film capital was spurred by George S. Kaufman offering her Ginger Rogers' role in the original stage version of "Stage Door." Phyllis met the playwright at a party, and instantly he was introduced to her Kaufman realized this girl had something, an undefinable quality that made her perfect for the role in the stage play. Of all the girls he had met in Hollywood, she was the only one who stirred him sufficiently to consider for the role.

Many another girl, particularly one who had had no previous stage experience, would have declined to take the chance. With the Broad- [*Continued on page* 62]



WE POINT
WITH PRIDE

TO

JOHN BARRYMORE

ALTHOUGH he will always be given honorable mention when the great Hamlets of modern times are spoken of, John really came into his own when he started playing character roles on the screen. He is a superb comedian, and it is a joy to be in the audience when he subtly breathes life and substance into a new role. If you missed him in "The Great Man Votes," you missed the treat of the year. However, his jealous husband in "Midnight" will give you a fine idea of what we mean.



PATRICIA MORISON

A lovely newcomer to Hollywood, Pat has everything it takes to climb the ladder. You can get a good peek at her (and we think she's certainly worth peeking at) in "The Magnificent Fraud," in which she is cast with Lloyd Nolan and Akim Tamiroff.



DOROTHY LAMOUR

In her new picture, "Man About Town," Dorothy gets a chance at a real, dramatic role for a change. Thinking that she might feel lonely for her neglected sarong, Paramount decided to deck Dot out in a picturesque slave girl's dress for one sequence, which gives her more than an even break.



CHARLES BOYER

Suave and charming at all times, Monsieur Boyer of Paris, France, answers the call to romance that stirs every feminine heart. The only fault to find with him is that he's not in enough pictures. Producers, please take heed. His latest, "Love Affair," with Irene Dunne, is a memorable event.



WAYNE MORRIS

A typical American youth, Wayne smiles his way through picture after picture, gaining many new friends for himself in each. He has an easy, likeable manner that makes his acting seem effortless. He made his first success as Kid Galahad, and you will soon see him in a story called "The Kid From Kokomo." That "Kid" stuff is still going strong, apparently.



ANNABELLA

...ish star, now ap-
...Bardot ... whose rumored
... Tyrone Power has made the
... many a heart. She seems to
...deeply in this picture—per-
... and better, get his answer
... have been known to change
...ings, you know. Still, it all looks
... certain.

SAN HAYWARD

en a girl looks as luscious as does
n, it seems like piling things on
thick to say that she can act, too.
Susan can. How else could she have
cast for the leading feminine role
important a film as "Beau Geste,"
with Gary Cooper, no less?



JEAN ARTHUR
CARY GRANT

"ONLY Angels Have Wings" is the name of the picture from which this provocative scene was taken. Jean looks a bit dubious about her reception from Cary when surprising him in his lair. Why don't you invite the pretty lady in, Cary?



ALICE FAYE

A LOVELY outdoor scene from "Rose of Washington Square." In this film Alice Faye sings the poignant torch song, "My Man," which helped make Fanny Brice famous in the good old days. And "they say" Alice sings it just as good as Fanny ever did—which is as big a compliment as Alice need ever strive for.

Hooray For Summer!



"The simpler your costume," says Jane Bryan, dainty Warner Brothers' starlet, "the more fun you'll have on that vacation."



Left—Gay green, red and white challis kerchiefs are used to trim this one-piece white sharkskin playsuit in which Jane plays tennis. One scarf ties at the neck and the other at the waistline. Above—her two-piece shirtwaist dress is of iris blue accented with green stripes and salmon pink dots. The belt is green. Although tailored, this model is very colorful and serves beautifully for active and spectator sports.



Jane "breaks into print" on the afternoons when she wants to join her partners at the country club. The background is oyster white with a lovely leaf motif in shimmering green, splashed lavishly with tangerine, sea foam blue and black. Her broad-brimmed small-crowned straw hat is of the same accented with green ribbons that carry out the color scheme. Her gloves and shoes are green.

Something very new in evening gowns is this youthful model featuring a full, draped white sharkskin skirt, with its unique, slashed pocket, topped with a jersey blouse in firecracker red. The tiny collar and cuffs are white sharkskin and a narrow patent leather belt marks the natural waistline. High Dutch clogs in firecracker red add the last note of distinction to this lovely gown so suited to simple dinners and after-dark dancing.



It All

Leads To *The Clinch*



Beautiful spies are always irresist
t least in fable and film. And
Eilers is no exception to this rule.
getting her full share of adora-
rom Allan Lane—and no doubt
secrets, too—in the film called
"They Made Her a Spy."

Palpitations of the heart are in order! You're right—that's the one and only Robert Taylor making love, but discreetly, to Myrna Loy, the screen's most adored wife, in their new co-starring film, "Lucky Night." Myrna changes her "wifely tactics" in this one—but we won't say for better or for worse.

BETTY GRABLE
JACK BENNY

"AH-H!" murmurs Jack Benny to Betty Grable's right eyebrow, "radio has nothing like this." But, poor Jack, the pleasure is only transient. For in "Man About Town" he winds up behind the eight ball again so far as romance is concerned. Someone else lands the pulchritudinous Betty.



PRIZE CONTEST!

Can You Describe Errol Flynn



Using Just 20 Words?

HOW proficient are you in the use of ... adjectives? In order to describe ol Flynn most effectively at least three criptive adjectives should be used. For ance, here's a sample sentence of 20 ds containing three adjectives which think fit his type and personality:

One of the most *debonair* and *adventurous* Hollywood actors is *attractive* Errol Flynn whose hobby is travelling in strange places.

here are dozens of adjectives equally descriptive of Errol Flynn. All you have to do is think up three which you think describe him most aptly and incorporate them into a well-rounded sentence of your own, using not more and not less than 20 words. Write your sentence on the coupon below.

There will be four prizes awarded to the writers of the four best sentences, in our opinion. These prizes consist of four beautiful gold wrist watches made by the Longines-Wittnauer Company. They are watches which everyone of you would be proud to own.

PRIZES TO BE AWARDED

FIRST PRIZE
Lady's wrist watch, valued at $40.

SECOND PRIZE
Man's wrist watch, valued at $37.50

THIRD PRIZE
Lady's wrist watch, valued at $25.

FOURTH PRIZE
Man's wrist watch, valued at $25.

USE THIS COUPON

Write Sentence Here).....

.....

.....

ubmitted by

ddress..... City..... State.....

Send to Adjective Contest Editor, c/o Silver Screen,
45 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y.

CONDITIONS

1. Sentences must not be more and not less than 20 words. Three or more adjectives must be used.
2. Contest closes Midnight, May 25.
3. In the event of a tie, prizes of equal value will be given to each tying contestant.
4. Address your contribution to, Adjective Contest Editor, Silver Screen, 45 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y.

To Outstay A Studio—

Work!

That's if you want to eat while waiting for that elusive call to sign on the dotted line.



Douglas McPhail, who did well for himself in "Sweethearts."

Working at a service station while "at liberty."

By Leon Surmelian

YOU have read about the lovely blondes, brunettes and red-heads who juggle trays in Hollywood restaurants in the hope of being discovered for the fillums. After all, Ellen Drew was a waitress in a tea room. I know a beautiful stenographer at Universal who is walking on air because she has been given a screen test. Hollywood is full of eyefuls, who toil as waitresses and stenographers and manicurists and usherettes and salesgirls and models, and even escorts to packers and barbers from Kansas City and Chicago, while waiting for some producer or director to say to them: "Eureka! You're just the gal I've been looking for."

But how about the young men who come here to show the established male stars a thing or two about acting and singing and making love on the screen? What do they do, what *can* they do, for a living before some movie mogul comes along and begs them to sign a contract.

Well, meet two new contract players at Metro and learn from their own lips what they did to eat regularly while waiting for that proverbial "break" that landed them in the world's largest studio. Theirs are representative case histories. They are young men of great promise and you will hear a good deal about them as time goes on. They are potential stars.

Right now Tom Neal is just about the busiest man on the Metro lot. He and Jack Carlton came to Hollywood together a few months ago, took a room in a boarding-house, and started making the rounds of the studios. It was a slow, heartbreaking process, and their meager funds were exhausted before Mr. Metro agreed to consider them.

But meanwhile they had to eat. And so they went to a bakery and applied for a job. Plenty of bread, and even pies and cakes, in a bakery. They were two



Doug and his wife, Betty Jaynes, at home — harmonizing.

husky fellows, just rarin' to go. The bakery put them on its night shift and gave each a truck to drive. So they delivered bread to stores and restaurants and hospitals and even movie stars' mansions at night, and carried on their negotiations with the Metro lion during the day.

It worked out beautifully, and for a while both sat on top of the world. When M-G-M put them under contract they moved to an old colonial house in the West Adams district of Los Angeles, stronghold of the local Four Hundred, hired a Japanese servant to cook their meals and shine their shoes and wash their sporty cars, and keep saying "Thank you, thank you," over the telephone. But after six months, Jack's contract was not renewed and they had to separate. Such is Hollywood.

Tom has already played a featured role in "Out West With the Hardys;" the leading role of Father Damien, the leper priest, in a Metro miniature, "No Greater Love;" a young doctor in "Honolulu;" a hard-boiled Irish race track driver, the second lead, in "Skids;" another young doctor in "Women in White;" the young romantic lead in "Fast and Loose," with Jo Ann Sayers playing opposite him, and with Robert Montgomery and Rosalind Russell co-starred. By the time you read this story Tom is likely to be cast in a flock of other flickers, in a wide variety of roles, for he is versatile.

A graduate of Northwestern University, where he was a star athlete, Tom fought his way to the stage and then to the screen via the time-honored road of hard knocks. While still a student of Northwestern, he played in a musical comedy that ran two weeks in Chicago. The show wasn't a great success, but a lot of people agreed that Tom was,



For a short while Tom Neal was a lifeguard in Florida — you know, the kind that passes on bathing beauties. He likes scotties, too.



"Within the Law" gave Ruth Hussey and Tom Neal a chance to make good.



Tom with his bakery truck—in the "old" days.

and he made up his mind to be an actor. But when he went out into the world as the coming stage and screen sensation, the best he could do was to rescue damsels in distress on the Florida beaches. He wears sport shirts with wide open collars showing his tanned, stalwart chest of a life-guard.

"After six or seven months in Florida," Tom said, as he related the story of his adventurous life, "I went up to Michigan and worked as a stripper and cutter in a lumber camp. When I had saved $275 I went to New York to see the theatrical agents. But it took me nine months before I got my first job on the stage. My money didn't last long in New York. So I tried to break into the modeling racket, posed for Physical Culture and other magazines, but [*Continued on page* 70]

A tour of the busy studios with the man who sees all, knows all and loves to tell about it.

PICTURES ON THE FIRE

By S. R. Mook



Walter Pidgeon and Virginia Bruce talk over the case in "Society Lawyer."

MAYBE all things *do* come to him who waits but I've never found it so. One month when I had an awful hangover I just waited around for someone to come tell me about the new pictures but no one came and my copy was late and the editor got mad and threatened to fire me and scared hell out of me. So now, no matter how I feel, I just drag my carcass out of bed and don't wait around any more. All this probably doesn't *interest* you but it *should* be a *lesson* to you and the moral is, "Don't run around the night before you have work to do and then you won't wake up with a hangover."

Now that that's settled we'll get started. First, there's—

20th Century-Fox

and there's too much doing out here for comfort.

Picking a stage at random, I stumble on to the set of "Stanley & Livingstone." Spencer Tracy is Henry M. Stanley, daring ace reporter of his day. He has just returned to New York after scooping the country on the Comanche war in Wyoming. He is in the office of the New York Herald, where he works, talking to Henry Hull, its fiery publisher. Hull wants him to go to Africa to try to find Dr. David Livingstone, a missionary and explorer, who has been lost there for four years, somewhere in the Lake Tanganyika country. But Spence is strangely apathetic. *He* wants to expose the Tweed Ring (a gang of criminals). Hull is hardly listening to him. He points to Africa on a map hanging on the wall.

"The Dark Continent—mystery—heat—fever—cannibals," he muses, touching a spot on the map marked "Unexplored." "The sources of the Nile and the Congo are somewhere in there. A jungle in which you could lose half of America—a land that even the greatest conquerors never attempted to penetrate—Alexander, Caesar, the pharaohs of Egypt. Unchanged, untouched since the dawn of history. And somewhere in there is a grand old man—a man of God—who's devoted his life to spreading the light in its darkness. That's a story—a real story—" (watching Spence out of the corner of his eye.) Spence is quietly looking at the map, obviously deeply impressed by Hull's words. Hull seeing this, shrugs with elaborate carelessness and continues: "But I guess you're right. It would be an almost impossible task. Now let's see—the Tweed Ring, eh? Harper's weekly has a young cartoonist named Thomas Nast who's been doing a splendid job on Tweed. Perhaps you'd better talk with him first—"

"Where was he heard of last?" Spence interrupts quietly.

"Tweed?" Hull asks with assumed innocence.

"Livingstone," says Spence shortly.

"Lord Tyce's expedition reports he died a year ago—somewhere in the Tanganyika district." He pauses a moment and then goes on briskly: "You'll find Nast up at Harper's—"

Moroni Olsen, Margaret Lockwood, Shirley Temple, Randolph Scott and Martin Goodrider in "Suzannah of the Mounties."





A dramatic scene from the film "Stanley and Livingstone," with Spencer Tracy and Henry Hull



Preston Foster and Andy Devine in "Geronimo."

"How long would it take to get there and back?" Spence interrupts again.

"Harper's?" asks Hull.

"Tanganyika," snaps Spence.

"A year or two—maybe three," Hull replies casually.

"Just an overnight jump, eh?" he mutters. "And you think it would make a good story? I mean finding Livingstone."

"The greatest story in the history of journalism—if you succeed," Hull answers soberly.

I feel like yelling "Sold!" but I know I'll only get thrown off the set if I do, so I restrain myself. But this is one wow of a scene, take it from me.

"Well, pal," says Spence, coming up to shake hands, "it begins to look as though you were finally going to have to start renting horses when you want to ride (I ride his polo ponies). I'm selling my stable."

"You *can't* sell them!" I yell. "That's treason! It's sedition! It's heresy! It's unthinkable!" I wind up.

"It's awful," Spence grins, "but that's how it is. You'll either have to pay or go without riding. I've given up polo since Pat Roark was killed."

Gosh. These days you can't even trust your best friends. I might just as well say I'm giving up war since some of my friends were killed.

The next set proves to be Shirley Temple in "Suzannah of the Mounties"—a tale (need you be told?) of the Canadian Northwest Mounted Police. This should really be called "And A Little Child Shall Lead Them" because when the Military and the State Department are unable to cope with the Indian situation, Shirley (with her customary omniscience) fixes everything up. No trouble at all.

We find Moroni Olsen (head of the local N. W. Mounties) in his living room facing a little Indian Chieflet (Martin Goodrider), with Shirley, Margaret Lockwood and Randolph Scott interested onlookers.

"I don't want you to feel, Little Chief," Moroni begins kindly, "that the Red Coat is punishing you. Your trip to Regina (Saskatchewan) is merely a temporary arrangement."

"Red Coat lie," Little Chief storms hotly. "Make Little Chief prisoner. Send to jail."

"No," Olsen protests. "It will be nothing like that."

"Have liberty here because Little Chief sign treaty with Golden Hawk," Martin surmises shrewdly. "Golden Hawk (that's Shirley) only one speak straight. So Indian keep treaty with her."

"Honest he has, Mr. Standing," Shirley amends. "He wouldn't run away."

[*Continued on page 77*]



This seems like a pretty tense moment for Ann Dvorak, Chester Morris, Ralph Bellamy and Rose Stradner in the melodrama, "Blind Alley."

Three Steps to The Altar!



Tangee Lipstick's "orange blossom magic" will give your lips sweet *"natural"* appeal...as it changes to *your very own shade* of adorable blush rose, and helps preserve velvet softness.



Tangee Rouge, Creme or Compact, echoes the lure of your lips...Tangee Powder clings without coating...to give you the fresh, lovely complexion that leads to a bridal veil!



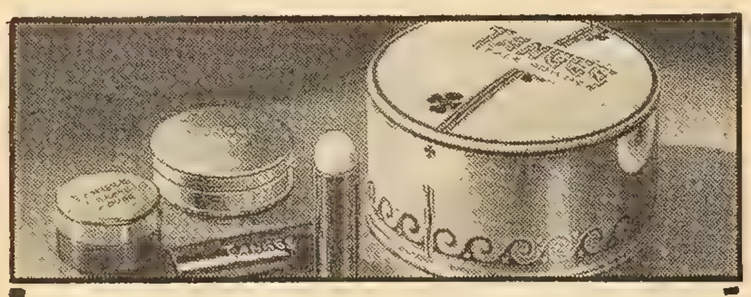
Blonde, brunette or redhead...start your "Wedding March" today by using Tangee Make-Up ...for its sweet "young" flattery...and its *proved* popularity with men!

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World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

Be sure to ask for TANGEE NATURAL. *If you prefer a more vivid color for evening wear, ask for Tangee Theatrical.*

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4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET

The George W. Luft Co., 417 Fifth Ave., New York City...Please rush "Miracle Make-Up Set" of sample *Tangee Lipstick*, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder, also Tangee Charm Test. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). (15¢ in Canada.)

Check Shade of Powder Desired ☐ Flesh ☐ Peach ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel

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Reviews

WUTHERING HEIGHTS

THERE ARE OVERTONES OF TRAGEDY IN THIS CLASSIC—*UA*

THIS is the first picture that Goldwyn has produced since Jimmy Roosevelt joined his staff, and of course Jimmy with boyish pride begged "Momie" to come to the Hollywood preview. She did, and this is what "Momie," otherwise known as Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, had to say about "Wuthering Heights."

"The movie is based upon Emily Bronte's great novel. The atmosphere of the Yorkshire moors is quite a wonderful achievement at the start and, though the ending of the picture is, of course, different, on the whole it follows the story faithfully and you lose nothing of the remarkable play of human emotions which make the novel such an outstanding achievement. It will be hard for anyone seeing this picture not to lose himself in the story. The final note, that love goes on through every struggle into eternity, is one in which we would all like to believe."

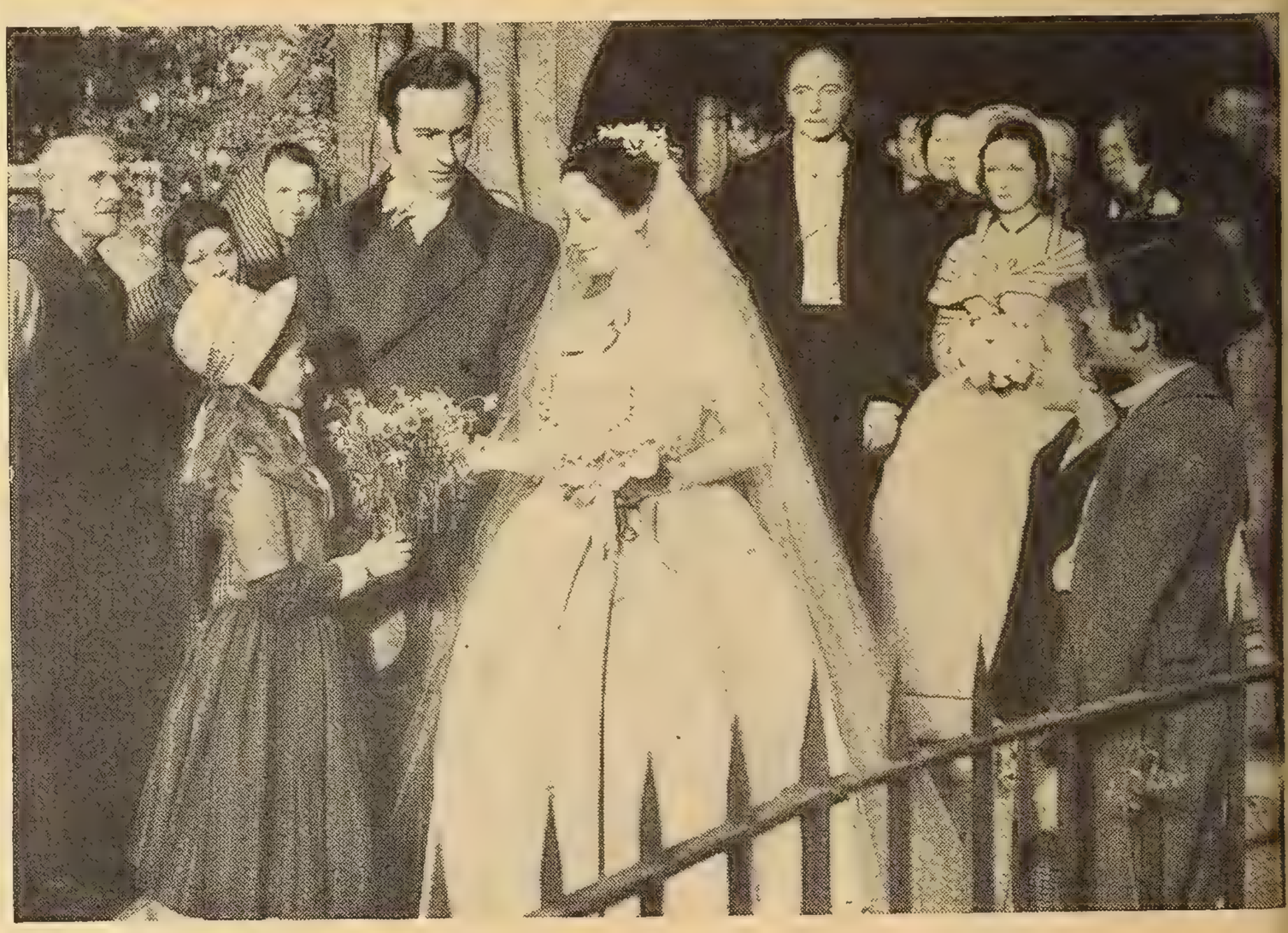
Merle Oberon as Cathy gives the most brilliant performance of her career. She is poignant, tender and deeply emotional. And Laurence Olivier as the dour Heathcliff gives a portrayal you will never forget. David Niven is splendid as Cathy's fond young husband, Edgar. The cast is perfection itself with Geraldine Fitzgerald playing Edgar's sister Isabella, Flora Robson the nurse Ellen, Hugh Williams the drunken Hindley, Donald Crisp a doctor, and Leo Carroll the servant Joseph.

THE STORY OF VERNON AND IRENE CASTLE

A FASCINATING FILM BIOGRAPHY OF TWO FAMOUS DANCERS—*RKO*

THIS is the last of the Ginger Rogers-Fred Astaire co-starring pictures which is sad, sad news to those of us who love beautiful and thrilling dancing. We can only hope that Ginger and Fred will change their minds. The picture is really the biography of Vernon and Irene Castle, two young people who danced their way to fame back in 1911, and were such a sensation both in Europe and America that everybody was imitating the Castles.

Irene and Vernon lived a beautiful and charming life, and the picture about them is both beautiful and charming. It begins with their meeting, when Vernon was playing a comic stooge to the great Lew Fields, and traces their career from the time that (practically starving in Paris) they did the Castle Walk to the tune of "Too Much Mustard" at the Cafe de Paris and overnight became the most sensational dance team in the world—and remained so until Vernon Castle died heroically in an Army plane crash in



Merle Oberon's wedding day in "Wuthering Heights." David Niven is the bridegroom.

ANY GIRL WHO REALLY WANTS TO CAN WIN ROMANCE

MADELEINE CARROLL

STAR OF PARAMOUNT'S "AIR RAID"

"Lovely skin wins hearts, so be careful about Cosmetic Skin —use Lux Toilet Soap as I do"

CLEVER girls take Madeleine Carroll's advice. Foolish to risk Cosmetic Skin: dullness, tiny blemishes, enlarged pores. Use cosmetics all you wish, but use Lux Toilet Soap's ACTIVE lather to remove them *thoroughly*. That's what lovely screen stars do! This gentle white soap helps keep skin *smooth,* appealing.

Is your skin the kind that wins Romance?

LUX TOILET SOAP

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap





Jimmy Stewart is almost bowled over when Claudette Colbert sneaks up and kisses him in "It's a Wonderful World." Take it easy, Jimmy.

Texas, towards the end of the war.

Those of you who remember the pre-war days will love the old songs that the Castles used to dance to: "Oh, You Beautiful Doll" and "Pretty Baby." Edna May Oliver plays Maggie Sutton, their efficient manager, and Walter Brennan plays the ever faithful servant Walter. Irene Castle (now Mrs. Irene Castle McLaughlin) designed the gowns which Ginger wears, duplicates of her own gowns, and sort of acted as technical adviser. She has every reason to be pleased with her celluloid life story.

DARK VICTORY

A SOCIETY DRAMA OF GREAT INTENSITY
—WB

IF YOU'RE a Bette Davis fan, and nearly every one is these days, you will simply go stark staring mad about her in this picture. She plays a headstrong, saucy, society girl, of the Long Island horsey set, who discovers that she has only seven months to live.

George Brent gives the performance of his career as the brilliant young diagnostician who takes Bette's case, and later falls in love with her. The picture is essentially a psychological study of a gay and headstrong young girl doomed to death, and it is acted and directed (by Edmund Goulding) so flawlessly that it stands out as dramatic art at its best.

Geraldine Fitzgerald makes her screen debut in this picture and as Bette's friend and Brent's confidante she shows great talent. Humphry Bogart stands out in a small part, as Bette's horse trainer, and Henry Travers as the kindly family physician and Ronald Reagan as a fun-loving young man, are excellent. This will be one of the most talked about pictures of the year.

LOVE AFFAIR

A TENDER AND BEAUTIFUL STORY THAT WILL GO RIGHT TO YOUR HEART
—RKO

COMEDY and drama and pathos are blended perfectly in this picture, which co-stars the lovely Irene Dunne and the handsome Charles Boyer. It's a more exquisite love story even than "Dark Angel" and "Seventh Heaven," and the superlative performances of both Irene and Charles will thrill you to the core.

They play two modern and thoroughly sophisticated young people who meet on a boat bound for New York via the island of Madeira. Charles, a popular playboy, has never worked, "not a day in my life," and Irene has been a bit casual about where her money came from.

When the boat stops at Madeira Charles takes Irene to meet his little grandmother, magnificently played by Madame Ouspenskaya, and immediately what was only a delightful flirtation turns into love. Both are bound to another in New York but they decide on the night before the boat anchors that they will shake off their old attachments and in six months meet on the top floor of the Empire State Building "as near Heaven as you can get in New York" and marry.

Irene goes back to night club singing and Charles becomes a painter. But on her way to the Empire State Building to keep her tryst Irene is run over by a taxi and crippled for life. She doesn't want him to know, and he is hurt because she didn't meet him—and there follows a series of poignant episodes that will wrench your heart out before the two are brought together again. Irene sings "Wishing" and "Sing, My Heart."

HAZEL-EYED GIRLS, LIKE JEAN PARKER

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Powder, rouge, lipstick, KEYED TO THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES!



ELSA: Seriously, Joan, do you mean you chose that powder by the color of your *eyes?*

JOAN: Yes, and my rouge and lipstick, too, Elsa! It's an amazing *new* way, and the only *true* guide I've ever found! Try Marvelous Matched Makeup, Elsa! You'll *love* it!



ELSA: *You're* proof that it's perfect for *hazel* eyes, Joan! But *my* eyes are *blue!*

JOAN: Whether your eyes are blue, hazel, brown or gray, the makers of Marvelous have blended just the right shades for you! They studied women of every age and coloring—



ELSA: And they discovered that *eye* color determines proper cosmetic shades, Joan?

JOAN: Yes! And so they created powder, rouge and lipstick keyed to your true personality color—the color that never changes! *It's the color of your eyes!*



JOAN: Marvelous Matched Makeup has already been adopted by stars of stage and screen, debutantes, models! And no wonder! Silk-sifted for perfect texture, the powder never cakes or looks "powdery"—clings for hours—gives a smooth, suede-like finish!



JOAN: And Elsa, for real flattery, just try Marvelous Rouge and Lipstick! Marvelous Rouge never gives that hard, "splotchy," artificial look . . . just a soft, *natural* glow! And Marvelous Lipstick goes on so *smoothly* —gives your lips lovely, *long-lasting* color!



JOAN: With Marvelous, you look lovelier *instantly!* You can get the Powder, Rouge, Lipstick separately (Mascara, Eye Shadow, too) but for *perfect color harmony*, use them all! Just order *by the color of your eyes!* At drug and department stores, only 55¢ each!

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For LOVE'S SAKE avoid LIPSTICK PARCHING



Lips that invite love must be soft lips . . . sweetly smooth, blessedly free from any roughness or parching.

So—choose your lipstick wisely! Coty "Sub-Deb" Lipstick does double duty. It lends your lips warm, ardent color. But—it also helps to protect lips from lipstick parching.

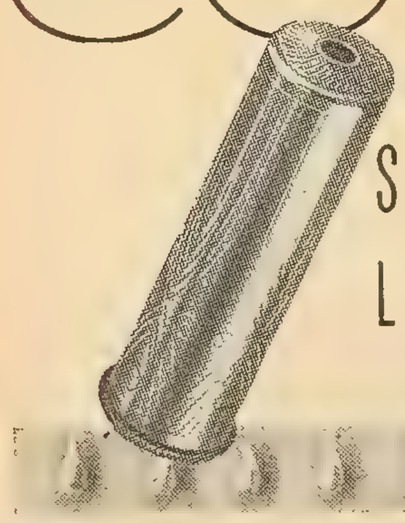
This Coty benefit is partly due to "Theobroma." Eight drops of this softening ingredient go into every "Sub-Deb" Lipstick. 50¢.

New—"Air-Spun" Rouge. Actually blended by air, it has a new exquisite smoothness, glowing colors. Shades match the Lipstick. 50¢.



New—an exciting fashion-setting shade, "Dahlia." Available in Lipstick and Rouge.

COTY



SUB-DEB LIPSTICK 50¢

Eight drops of "Theobroma" go into every "Sub-Deb" Lipstick. That's how Coty guards against lipstick parching.

IT'S A WONDERFUL WORLD

ONE OF THOSE HILARIOUS MYSTERY FARCES—*M-G-M*

CLAUDETTE COLBERT and Jimmy Stewart are teamed in this comedy which will have you rolling in the aisles. Claudette plays a young and pretty poetess, of all things, who stops at a hot dog stand to fill up on her favorite food before attending a poetry banquet.

She sees Jimmy knock a cop out who is handcuffed to him and free himself, and quite naturally thinks that she is witnessing a murder. As a matter of fact Jimmy is a free lancing detective and bodyguard of the multi-millionaire playboy, Ernest Truex, and is being taken to Sing Sing to spend a year, because he was caught trying to help his boss escape the chair. Jimmy has hit upon an important clue, and what with Claudette threatening to tell the police and ruin everything there's nothing he can do but take her along with him.

Claudette again proves herself Hollywood's top comedienne, and gets pushed around plenty by the always capable Jimmy. In the cast are Frances Drake as the gold-digging wife, Nat Pendleton and Edgar Kennedy as a couple of flat-foot cops, and Guy Kibbee, who gets a klonk on the head by Claudette that he'll always remember.

THE KID FROM TEXAS

HOW A COWBOY CRASHES LONG ISLAND SOCIETY—*M-G-M*

DENNIS O'KEEFE (Metro claims he's a Clark Gable find) plays a cowboy from Texas who has a yen for polo. He finally gets his chance in a swanky Long Island game. How he messes it up, joins a rodeo, and eventually comes back to the scene of his humiliation with a team of cowboys and Indians, and wins the match as well as the girl, makes for a very neat little story.

Florence Rice plays the girl he wins, Anthony Allan her brother and that swell trouper, Jessie Ralph, her aunt. Standouts in small parts are Buddy Ebsen, Virginia Dale, and Robert Wilcox.

MIDNIGHT

THE BREEZIEST COMEDY OF THE YEAR —*Par.*

WHAT fun this one is! Claudette Colbert, who is cutting up like mad these days, plays an ex-chorus girl from the U.S.A., who puts all her ill-gotten gains on the wrong number at Monte Carlo and has to pawn her luggage to get out of town.

Arriving in Paris late at night, bereft of everything but the evening dress she is wearing, she is picked up by Don Ameche, a soft-hearted taxi driver, with honorable intentions. But Claudette doesn't trust men—not after the men she's known—so she runs away from him and runs right into a very formal and swanky musical being given by a Parisian social light, Hedda Hopper.

There she gets involved in a bridge game with the most chic and fashionable folk of Paris, and makes the acquaintance of the rather eccentric John Barrymore who suspects her at once of being an imposter, but decides to play fairy godfather to her. He hopes to make Claudette so attractive that she will lure Francis Lederer away from his (John's) young wife, Mary Astor. Claudette becomes a "baroness" with a car nearly a block long and sets out for a gay week-end at Barrymore's country place, with every intention of catching the wealthy and philandering Mr. Lederer for herself. But along comes Don Ameche. The plot goes from one complication to another, all of them screamingly funny, and ends up in a Paris divorce court. Claudette is superb. So is Don. And Mr. Barrymore, of course, steals every scene he is in.

THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES

WHEW! THIS MYSTERY WILL HAVE YOU HOLDING ON TO YOUR SEATS— *20th Century Fox*

IT IS indeed a pleasure to find Sherlock Holmes back on the screen this month. Especially when he is played by that grand actor Basil Rathbone, who is simply Mr. Holmes to a T.

In this old Sir Conan Doyle classic, Master Sleuth Sherlock Holmes shows those young whippersnappers, the Philo Vances and the Nick Charleses, a thing or two about detecting. The story, you may recall, concerns the mystery that surrounds the death of the hereditary heads of the Baskerville estate.

When Richard Greene arrives from Canada to take over his deceased uncle's gloomy castle in fog-wraithed Devonshire he is marked for violent death. Sherlock Holmes is called into the case, and with him, of course, Dr. Watson, excellently characterized by Nigel Bruce. How Holmes and Watson track down the killer makes for the best spine-tingling evening you've ever spent in a theatre. The terrible baying of the hound, the misty moors, the menacing mires, the secrecy of the Baskerville servants, and the old Druid cemetery are all there—and what fun for the thrill lovers.

Wendy Barrie plays Miss Stapleton and Morton Lowry, her step-brother. Lionel Atwill, Beryl Mercer and John Carradine are in the cast.

ZENOBIA

SLAPSTICK COMEDY AT ITS BEST —*UA*

WHEN Stan Laurel walked out of the Laurel and Hardy team our old friend Harry Langdon walked in. And Harry's performance is the best thing in the picture.

Zenobia, my dears, is a she elephant, and goes in for a fine bit of scene stealing, what with her size and her mugging. She takes a fancy to Doctor Oliver Hardy when he removes a painful knot some brat has tied in her tail, and from then on she is his constant companion.

Professor Harry Langdon, a medicine show man, and the owner of Zenobia, sues Doctor Hardy for alienation of Zenobia's affections, and there follows one of the funniest court trials in the movies. Billie Burke and Alice Brady are grand and James Ellison, June Lang and Jean Parker look after the romantic triangle. A high spot in the film comes when a little kid recites the Declaration of Independence.

Acting Means more to Them than Orchids and Polo Ponies

[*Continued from page* 31]

ng right away." He won high honors for ıis etching of Louis Pasteur, but no Acad-ɛmy honors could equal the deep thrill ıe received and still receives from the etters that rewarded him.

In particular, there is one letter from ı boy who was taking a medical course ınd was about to drop it. Muni's dramati-ɛation of Pasteur fired the youngster's magination anew and exultingly he wrote :his to Paul. "Isn't that wonderful?" Muni asks you. "Perhaps that boy may ɔe the one who will discover a cure for ɛancer, or do something else in research work that will benefit millions of peo-ɔle." Do you think, for one instant, that ın artist of this high type, stirred by a ɔoy's letter, acts because he needs money ɔr is interested in money. If you do, I ɛeel sorry for your lack of depth.

Take, if you will, the top-flighters of Hollywood who go to Broadway each year ɛo appear on the stage. I am not referring ıow to those actors who are out of work ɔn the Coast and turn to Broadway in ɛlesperation, but I have in mind such a ɛtar as Fredric March.

When a movie star of his importance ɛets sail for Broadway, he knows in ad-ɛance that he will get the worst of it from the drama critics. March however went to New York and was unfortunate enough to appear in a flop show. You might think that the experience would have soured him. "It was a grand experience," he told me. "I'm going back next year with Florence again." So he and his wife took another shot at Broadway and the tremendous success of "The American Way" indicates rather conclusively that you can't strangle talent.

Fredric March can command $150,000 for a picture. He can't get that kind of money on Broadway in less than a year, with eight performances a week. It is a tribute to his love of the theatre in all of its forms that March abandoned Hollywood for New York. The woods are full of performers actuated by the same ideals.

The eager youngsters in this town who are not in the near-star class are just as resolute. They, too, are of the stuff of which troupers are made. No discouragement is too severe to jar them from their love of performance. They scrimp here and there to save enough money to take voice lessons to improve themselves. Opportunity may be just around the corner, and they want to be ready for it. You see them at local theatres drinking in the technique of a Bette Davis or a Spencer Tracy greedily. They sit through pictures over and over again to study such an expert veteran as Maria Ouspenskaya, and when Alice Brady played a dramatic role in "In Old Chicago," young actresses almost lived in the balcony to observe what she did with hands and face and voice.

Cruelest thing that ever happened to the young players of the movies was the blast of the exhibitors when they singled out actors and actresses and termed them "box-office poison." The effect on the youngsters was as terrible as though a college paper came out in an editorial and stated that although the school football team was magnificent, it was not making money enough.

"Katharine Hepburn is a fine actress," said the youngsters, "but evidently we are on the wrong slant. The exhibitors don't care if you can act, so long as you can make money." It hardened a lot of them, until it was pointed out that exhibitors did not always know what they were talking about, and that Bette Davis and Spencer Tracy were doing pretty well.

A great colony, these actors and actresses of Hollywood with no common denominator to aid in pigeon-holing them. Sensitive, high-strung, quick to respond to praise or heckling—they remind me of the mettlesome colts that face the barrier in the Kentucky Derby. The colts are bred for racing; these humans are bred for make-believe. Not many of the colts entered for the Kentucky Derby ever reach the starting line; not many of these humans will ever reach stardom.

Just as thoroughbred horses will run as fast and as gamely, not knowing that a purse of $100,000 may depend upon their efforts, so also these actors and actresses would work as hard and labor as valiantly if there was no pot of gold at the end of the trail. Acting is in their blood and their greatest prize is the acclaim of their peers for a part well-played, a line well-read.



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"And talk about wear! Glazo at only 25¢ is *guaranteed* to outwear any other nail polish *at any price!*"

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Phyllis Keeps Them Guessing

[*Continued from page* 34]

way stage what it is, there was no telling how long the engagement would last. It might be a week . . . it might be months. And Phyllis WAS playing featured roles in Hollywood. For this trim little bundle, however, that wasn't sufficient.

"I realized I might continue playing unimportant parts for years unless I took drastic steps to remedy the situation," she says. "I felt that my best bet was to get out of Hollywood, go on the stage and get some real experience. It might take a few years of hard plugging before I would be 'discovered' again, but it was worth the gamble."

The courage of this doll-like girl, her sheer grit, is demonstrated by the circumstance of five major studios offering her contracts when it was announced she was deserting Hollywood for "Stage Door." Overnight, Hollywood became conscious of the fact that it might be overlooking a good bet.

"I held to my original decision though, to leave Hollywood for the stage," Phyllis says. "Besides, I wasn't satisfied with the terms of the contracts."

Her refusal to be swayed by these offers which would divert her from her purpose should show you the kind of gal that Phyllis is. Few actresses, comparative unknowns, would have had the "guts" to turn down what appeared to be sure "Open Sesame" to film fame.

The far-sightedness of her move soon became apparent, in greater measure than even she had dreamed possible. In her own mind, she believed herself an actress, but she was unprepared for the acclaim that greeted her performance. She was an overnight sensation!

Of course, studio scouts caught the play and there was a rush to sign her. But Phyllis wasn't to be hurried.

"I wanted to make sure, this time," she explains, solemnly. "I didn't want to do a 'repeat' of my former Hollywood sojourn. So I waited. There was plenty of time. We had a hit show, and apparently, so was I. Anyway, I had told Mr. Kaufman I would remain with him for 'the run of the play.'"

And she did . . . or, until Margaret Sullavan, its star, left the cast to bear her baby. Phyllis signed then with 20th Century-Fox, where she started her film career all over again on a far different basis than before, and now is regarded by that studio as one of its brightest and most promising young actresses.

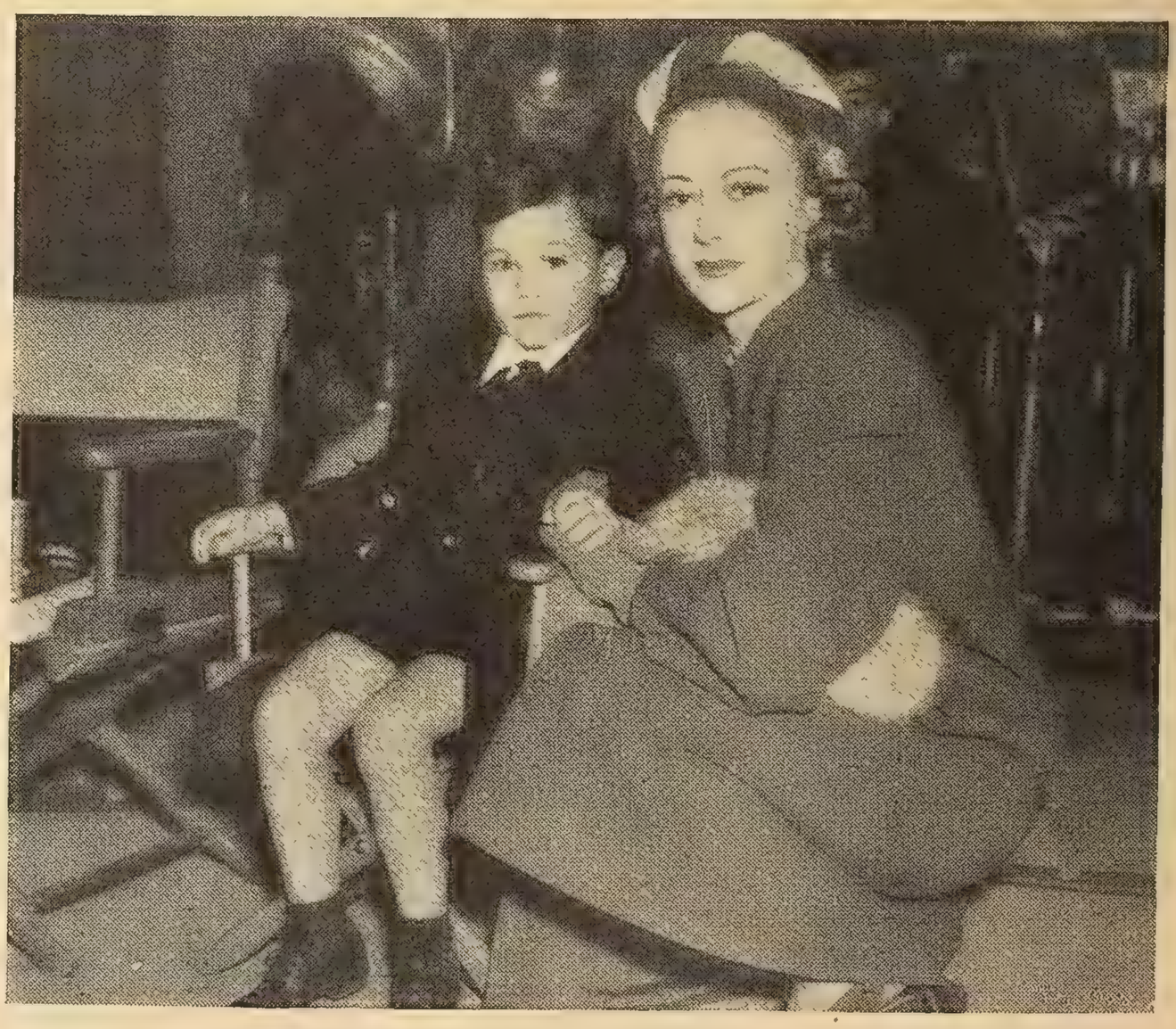
Phyllis personifies the last word in the girl of today . . . modern, practical, spirited, utterly without pose . . . a girl who allows nothing to halt her progress.

Kaufman, the producer, saw it as he talked to her that evening in Hollywood, recognized that elusive spark. That was why he knew he had found the proper person for the part that had all New York by its elbows. He knew that this girl would inject the whole colorful flavor of her diverting personality into the role.

That, too, was what struck Cary Grant so forcibly when first they met. For Cary—handsome, debonair, popular, at the height of an enviable career—the whole world of femininity lay at his feet, to be plucked and his for the asking. He didn't become a one-woman man until blue-eyed Phyllis entered his ken.

Will they wed? "Marry Cary?" she smiles. "There's been so much talk that Cary and I will marry . . . or that we won't marry . . ." Her voice trails off here, however, and the answer remains a riddle.

But whenever she mentions Cary's name, an unconscious smile touches her delicately-shaped lips, which may mean something and, then again, may not.



When they convinced him that it was all a game and not work, "Colonel" Harry Joe Brown, Jr., condescended to play a scene with his pretty mother in "They Made Her A Spy."

Flashshots

[*Continued from page* 19]

New York go out on the town less than Frances Farmer and Leif Erikson. Extremely happily married, they are one couple who really prefer a sane and quiet existence. But when they do go out they seem to thoroughly enjoy it and themselves. I was surprised to see them come into El Morocco after the theatre one night, but I was more surprised to find that they stayed until after three o'clock.

In marked contrast to them, Dorothy Lamour loves the excitement of the night clubs and was at El Morocco five nights in one week. Dan Tuthill of N.B.C. gave a big party one night for her, Don Ameche and Bergen. Dorothy arrived in an evening wrap that had a hood which looked like an eskimo's, for it had blue fox fur around the face. The hood and skirt were gray while the long-sleeved, high-necked and tight-fitting jacket were chartreuse yellow. Only three years ago Dorothy was singing at One Fifth Avenue, a far cry from her world of today.

Tony Martin was there the same night as the Tuthill party. He reminisced about how years before he'd come to New York for the first time and went out wearing his first tails. He said he was so nervous that while he was dancing he lost one of his pumps and he was so embarrassed that he didn't even mention it, knowing it was being knocked all over the crowded floor. When the music stopped, there it was over in a corner, and, blushingly, he got a waiter to retrieve it.

Tony, who plays the piccolo and English horn, besides his singing, is extremely agreeable about performing impromptu for people. Several times he got up before the mike and sang.

People are wondering about Franchot Tone's romantic interests. First June Cox seemed to be the Number One girl, and now Ann Graham, a very beautiful model, seems to hold the title. At least he took her out six times in one week, which is a pretty good indication.

One night El Morocco had a contest for the best looking boy in the room and Gladys Swarthout was one of the judges. Although Rudy Vallee and Errol Flynn were both there, the prize went to a "dark horse," a very handsome boy named Jim Burke, who Pat de Cicco thinks looks like grand movie material. Phil Regan and the Edward Arnolds were also there that night, which made the place look like a bit of Hollywood transplanted.

Binnie Barnes, the English actress, is a grand person, and one of the few movie people I know who answers the phone herself. I talked to her several times before I met her personally and her voice has a warmth and friendliness that's very refreshing. One night she wore a red and gold dress, but the loveliest one I thought was one of white silk with a pale blue stripe and under it a pleated white silk petticoat.

A FRIEND of Jack Haley's was discussing a backbiting acquaintance of theirs—"He sure picks his friends," said Haley's pal.

"Yeah," said Haley, "to pieces."

Nice Girls guard against body odor with this lovely perfumed soap!



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in face powder



LUXOR
"Feather-Cling"

The face powder that sits lightly—stays on smoothly

There's no invitation to romance in a heavily over-powdered face. So choose Luxor "Feather-Cling," the face powder with *a light touch.* Luxor is a delicately balanced, medium weight powder that sits lightly, stays on smoothly. In five smart shades, 55c. For generous size FREE trial package, send this coupon.



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I want to try Luxor "feather-cling" Face Powder. My favorite shade is Natural . . . Rachel . . . Rachel No. 2 . . . Brunette . . . Rose Rachel (very popular) . . .
Send my free trial package to

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"Blondie"—Our Cutest Star

[*Continued from page 29*]

the studio calls, an efficient woman comes in and takes over the reins, managing Diji, Dr. Singleton, the marketing and the dusting. When Penny is between pictures the efficient woman receives a retaining fee so that she won't feel tempted to take a job with someone else. After all, not many housekeepers, even in Hollywood, are paid for *not* working for someone! But that is the way the breathless Singleton figures things out. She likes doing her own housework and she proposes to do it when time will allow, even if it costs her money.

You may wonder just why it seems so much fun to her—and how long it will continue to do so. Her work in pictures entails a deal of real housework. She is enchanted because the set they have built for her is a real, workable house.

"There is real plumbing!" she marvels. "With real hot and cold water, even in the bath! When I peel potatoes, they give me actual potatoes and I put the peelings into a real garbage chute which takes 'em off the set and clear of the sound stage! When I have to polish furniture I have a bottle of polish which smells like polish—and a nice, woolly rag. It's such fun. And when we finish a picture, they fold the whole thing up and put it away so they can get it out again for the next one—just like those all-ready-to-put-up houses that you read about in the ads."

She paused and said, reflectively, "It's funny, you know. I studied for years and years and worked hard, learning to sing and to dance and to talk correctly. I knew a lot about acrobatic dancing and spent long hours keeping in practice. And now that I really have a chance to act, I act by polishing furniture and washing dishes. And I love it!"

The answer is that Penny has been on the stage since she was a tot. She was on the road, living in trunks, living in theatrical hotels in New York from the time that she was almost as young as Diji. She has never had a taste of domesticity until recently—and now she finds herself fascinated by activities of which she had heard of rather vaguely but which she had never tried.

She loves being a wife and mother and she is more than willing to be both on the screen (which is work) and at home (which is play.)

When she married Dr. Singleton, she took his name, although the name of Dorothy McNulty had been pretty well known on the stage for years. While she was at it, she changed her first name, too. She liked the name of Penny and she was a trifle superstitious about it because she had an idea that pennies brought her luck. She still collects them.

On the day when Columbia called to tell her that she had been cast for the first "Blondie" picture, she was cleaning the bedroom. She was knee deep in mops and pails and dusters and had a towel tied



Wide World

Joan Crawford and Pupschen visit New York. We can't say that Pupschen looks particularly impressed.

round her still-brunette head.

She dropped the mop, abandoned the pail where it stood, dressed the baby and herself and scurried to Columbia.

When she came home she had signed a contract and she had become, by swift studio magic, a blonde.

"I didn't know whether Scroggs would let me in," she said. "I didn't know whether he'd even recognize me! But, d'y'know, I believe I'd had a blonde personality all the time and hadn't realized it. Scroggs decided that he thought so too. Wasn't it wonderful?"

You begin to see, as you get acquainted with Penny, what qualities in her made executives think that she would be the ideal "Blondie," even when she had dark hair and when she had been exploited as an exotic type.

Scroggs, it seems, pined for a piano. So Penny bought him one for Christmas. Because the house was tiny and the living room daintily tinted, she selected a wee, fragile instrument of the "spinet" type. It is a lovely piece of furniture. I've no doubt that it makes pleasant sounds if you tinkle on it gently. But I should like very much to see Dr. Singleton—all six feet four of him—sitting at that instrument, pounding out a ditty! Something tells me that if he ever decided to play the opening chords of Rachmaninoff's Prelude in C♯ minor, the entire thing would be reduced to splinters.

ANN SHERIDAN, voted Hollywood's "oomph" girl by the eligible males of the picture colony, says that strapless evening gowns are more risky than risqué.

Which Star Will Be the Next Head of the Heart-throb Department?

[*Continued from page* 21]

Rathbone, and a picture in which these two are at their brilliant best, he's not only got something, but he's got a lot of it.

In the two years that he's been before the camera he's had increasingly bigger and better roles, but up to date he's not been cast in a strongly romantic love story. Personally, I think his chances of making the grade are more than good, because, though he is seemingly at his best in debonair, sophisticated roles, he has telling moments of naivete, of that ingratiating "little boy" quality which women find so charming.

Between you and me, I suspect that young David himself has aspirations toward that Great Lover title and that he is quietly practicing very zealously. Certainly no young man in Hollywood is a more devoted cavalier. He is seen everywhere, and always with the most charming of women. He plays the field. Socialites, stars or bit players, his tastes are wide and varied.

Goldwyn plans to put him into re-makes of "Raffles" and other former Ronald Colman roles, and that will make David's chances at the Great Lover title very promising.

Then there's Douglas Fairbanks. If there's anything lacking in this talented young man, neither the fans nor the critics have discovered it. In the past couple of years he has turned in a string of first rate performances which for dash and verve have made Hollywood rub its eyes. Remember his Rupert of Hentzau in "The Prisoner of Zenda"? "The Joy of Loving," "Rage of Paris," and "Gunga Din"?

Yet it's interesting to remember that though he had been on the stage and screen since his fourteenth year, it wasn't until after his marriage with Joan Crawford that he began to grow in value and importance. Before that he had been just another actor. Young, inexperienced, and certainly undistinguished. His romance with Joan did a lot for him, and though it ended in divorce it undoubtedly proved a priceless experience. Marriage is always a priceless experience, regardless of the outcome.

Today young Doug has the assurance and ease which he previously lacked, and without which no talent can succeed. He also has charm, a vivid personality, and thanks to having begun so young, he still has his best years before him.

As to his chances of becoming one of the screen's Great Lovers, we dunno. Nor do we know whether he wants to achieve that status.

Frankly, I believe that if a man places too much emphasis on sophistication in his screen portrayals he definitely undermines his appeal for women. Not that we don't like sophisticates, for we certainly do! (Look at Powell, Boyer, Colman.) But these men have sophistication *plus*. There always has to be plenty of warmth and tenderness beneath that glossy

A "Neglected" Wife is almost always guilty of ONE NEGLECT*



HE NEGLECTS her pride, and often embarrasses her by admiring other women; making comparisons unfavorable to her, sometimes in public.

HE NEGLECTS to kiss her good-bye, and never shows the little signs of affection which mean much to a wife.

HE NEGLECTS the companionship they used to have; shows no interest in her daily problems and plans.

HE NEGLECTS the sentiments that are dear to her; forgets anniversaries and special occasions to which she has looked forward.

BUT... her own neglect was really the cause of his indifference

*The one neglect no husband can forgive is carelessness (or ignorance) about FEMININE HYGIENE.

Let "Lysol" Help You Avoid This ONE NEGLECT

IF THERE is any doubt in *your* mind about feminine hygiene, ask your doctor about "Lysol". Some of many reasons why it has the confidence of so many doctors, nurses, hospitals, *and wives*, are . . .

1. ***Non-Caustic***. "Lysol" in proper dilution is gentle, efficient; contains no free caustic alkali. 2. ***Effectiveness***. "Lysol" is a powerful *germicide*, active under practical conditions; effective in the presence of organic matter. 3. ***Spreading***. "Lysol" solutions *spread* due to low surface tension; virtually *search out germs*. 4. ***Economy***. "Lysol" is concentrated, costs only about 1¢ an application in proper dilution for feminine hygiene. 5. ***Odor***. The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears after use. 6. ***Stability***. "Lysol" keeps full strength no matter how long it is kept, or how often it is uncorked.

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1889—1939
50th ANNIVERSARY

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MAN'S-EYE *View!*



UNSIGHTLY HAIR SPOILS YOUR CHARM

Rinse It Off This Easy Way!

Everywhere you go, this year, your legs are sure to show! With the new, knee-length skirts, you *must* keep your legs alluring...smooth...and *free from hair*. Remove ugly hair as millions of women do—with convenient NEET.

Just spread NEET (like a cold cream) on unwanted hair...then rinse it off with water. That's *all* you do. Gently, NEET removes hair from your legs—and forearms, too. NEET leaves your skin smooth as satin, and petal-soft.

Avoid Bristly Razor Stubble

There are no sharp, wiry hair stubs to snag your stockings . . . no scraped or roughened skin . . . and no danger of cuts when you use NEET. For *lovely arms and legs*, with *no unsightly hair*, get NEET! At drug and department stores. Generous trial size at 10¢ stores.



NEET Just Rinse Off Unsightly Hair

veneer; otherwise no sale.

Sophisticates are fun to play with, but it's better, usually, not to marry them. And though no modern girl is so innocent as to expect to be the first woman in any man's life, she always, desperately, hopes to be the *last*. In giving her heart to the sophisticate she knows at the outset that she's skating on thin ice.

Fairbanks certainly doesn't seem to lack woman-appeal in his private life, even if his screen roles have not been heavily romantic. His devotion to the glamorous Gertrude Lawrence is common knowledge, as is his more recent and equally genuine attendance upon the lovely Zorina and the inscrutable Dietrich. None of these women is easy to please. Each is tops in her world and can have her pick of men. And each picks Fairbanks whenever she can get him.

Out Westwood way, coming up rapidly, with one leading role after another, is young Richard Greene. 20th Century-Fox is completely sold on him, and, judging by his fan mail, so is the great American public.

Like Fairbanks, young Greene was born to the stage, but on coming to America he went over so nicely in his very first film, "Four Men and a Prayer," that the stage will probably not get him back for some time. Without pausing for a deep breath he has gone from "My Lucky Star" to "Submarine Patrol." From that to "Kentucky,"—in which he rated even better reviews than his earlier ones,—and then to "The Little Princess" and "Stanley and Livingstone." And all in little more than one year. If this isn't a new high for speed, what is it?

Can he keep it up? That's what Hollywood is wondering. My guess is that he can. Moreover, I believe this boy's popularity will grow until he's second to none. I'll tell you why.

Firstly, he's a type we never tire of, and, secondly, he's the symbol of what every normal woman wants in a man. He personifies wholesomeness, sincerity, simplicity, and character, with a generous dash of sweetness and freshness. These are qualities which cannot be simulated. They've got to be part of the man. Lew Ayres has this magic combination of qualities. So has Franchot Tone. So has Gary Cooper and Henry Fonda. And so has Richard Greene, *plus!*

Furthermore, every fan has heard of his little romance with Arleen Whelan. They've heard of how the studio, when first they sought to create interest in him, built up a synthetic romance between these two unknown young newcomers. They've read of how both youngsters lunched and dined and danced together; how neither cared a whoop about the other, at first, and then, suddenly, found that their publicity department romance had become the real thing.

The fans know, too, that when young Richard's stock went higher and higher, while little Arleen seemed suddenly to have come to a stand-still, his warm sympathy and encouragement were of ineffable comfort to her. Too many young men would have seized the first flimsy excuse to drop her and be seen instead with someone more firmly established. The caste system is powerful in Hollywood, and don't let anyone tell you it isn't! Careers are made and unmade by just such trifles as being seen with the wrong people, or in the wrong places. A young player can hardly be too careful.

But young Greene has a different sense of values. He thinks loyalty and sincerity are far more important than studio politics. So, when the front office tells him to "be nice to the lady" he is as nice as possible to whatever lady they pair him off with—for the moment. But it doesn't make the slightest difference in his affectionate regard for Arleen. Furthermore, his attitude has raised him sky high with the fans, who've found out about it and share his sentiments completely.

Certainly a flying start like this, combined with his natural gifts, should put him definitely in line for the Great Lover title. So, mark my words, and *watch him!*

Now, what's ahead for all these interesting people?

Will one of them become the screen's next big heart throb, or will that difficult assignment go to some as yet unknown newcomer?

No one knows. No one can say. It's a fascinating question, but the answer is still in the laps of the gods.

So, until then, your guess is as good as mine!

Starlets Find Love A Handicap

[*Continued from page* 17]

themselves and happiness, these young women, their instincts richly ready for expression, expression not written for them in scripts but sensuously, spontaneously in their own warm blood and pulse, on their trembling, untutored lips . . . don't you suppose that they are sisters to Judy O'Grady and to you?

Don't you imagine that their inner desires must often weaken the resistance of every one of them, that they must long to throw it all away, for a man's arms about them, a man's voice offering them the untheatric warmth of home and hearth and children . . .? . . . don't you believe that they must know confused, intolerable hours in which scripts must seem sterile things, indeed; professional lovers strangely unsatisfying; their names in electric lights a poor exchange for their names muttered amorously under a riding moon . . .? I do.

You . . . or you . . . or I . . . might walk in the moonlight one quivering night . . . and the young man with the carrot red hair might, on just that night, in just that magic hour, become a god with flaming locks. And what do we do, you and I? We close our desks, we cover our typewriters, we say to our bosses, "we are resigning to be married"—and that is that. We do not stand between ourselves and happiness. We do not agonize with fruitless questions when the one fruitful question has been asked. We have no Alter Ego, on a high ladder, whipping our hearts with the whip of compulsion.

Every one of these girls wants exactly what you want, whoever you may be, in whatever unillumined byway of life you may walk . . . and sometimes they take what they want, but even then their

hearts cannot be still and contented.

Isa Miranda says, "there is no answer to it . . . we give up our heart for our work . . . *we have to do it,* that is all . . ."

Pat Morison says: "I have a picture in my mind of what I want . . . it wars with the pictures which trouble my heart, but it wins!"

Miranda says: "I think I will marry sometime. I will have to. When I think I will be always alone all my life, like this, it is *too* sad. I love children. I have a sister who is married; she has a child. When I see the child at her breast *I know what I am losing.*

"Right now I do not want to love anybody, I fight against love. I have to do it. I stay always at home. I do not go out with men. I never go to the night clubs. I do not know anyone in Hollywood, not anyone. I am lonely, yes, I am very lonely. But not so lonely as I would be if I saw everybody enjoying themselves, everybody who is loving each other. I am *too* lonely when I see lovers . . . but it is lucky for the man I will love later," laughs Miranda softly, *"there is so much in love in me . . ."*

And even as Miranda, young Pat, with some slight modifications, follows the same Spartan, romanceless, dedicated regime. She, too, said goodbye to the man she thought she loved and might have married. She said goodbye to him because she knew, even as Miranda knew, that marriage with him would have meant the end of her career . . . for the young Austrian count wanted Pat to go home with him, to Austria, to the ways, the long-trod ways of his ancestors . . . to be a wife, a mother, "and, in time," laughs Pat, not altogether hilariously, "an ancestor myself!"

And so the young Count returned to his country with the understanding that, at the end of a year, he would come back again. And if, then, Pat had changed her mind, if she had decided to remove her five feet, five inches, 118 pounds of firm young body from between herself and the happiness he offered, then she would be waiting, she would be there. But when the year was up *she was not there.* But that is a very big "all" when you are very young . . .

Whatever the answers may be, they carve their destinies with much the same tools, this Italian girl from Milano, this American girl from New York.

There is Miranda who, at the age of fifteen, spent all her waking hours in that treasure house of beauty, the Palazzo Bere, the Palace of Fine Arts, in Milano. She was discovered by artists who, rapturous, incredulous, passed by the ancient beauty they had come to copy for the living beauty which they begged to paint . . . to immortalize for other generations yet unborn . . .

And in New York, at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, young Pat Morison, a few years later, was spending her April days in the dim corridors and great galleries, poring over Rembrandts and Rubens and Botticellis . . . awed by the great marbles of Michaelangelo, of Rodin, the craftsmanship of Cellini . . . uncaring that in the Clubs 21 and El Morroco there were dancing and love-making and wine and song . . .

And their capacity for work . . . in Milano, Miranda worked as a stenographer . . . she worked in a little theatre in Milano . . . it was suggested to her that she send her portrait to a cinema company in Rome and then go there herself and ask for work. Twelve times Miranda made the trip from Milano to Rome and back again . . . twelve times, travelling third class, because she had not the money to travel first or second class . . . twelve times with no encouragement.

Miranda, who has a passionate love of beauty in the texture of her life, a passionate love of luxurious gowns, rich furs, silk-tongued, purring motor cars, blazing jewels, priceless scents, Miranda who might have had these things, and more, merely by lifting one long, white hand in a beckoning gesture to one or another eager lover, Miranda preferred to travel third class, going without food and sleep for this, chose to work as a stenographer, serve as acolyte and then novice in the little theatre, rather than betray that dream which cut deeper than all her deep desires.

And Pat, who worked at jobs designing clothes, worked as a designer in a shop on Fifth Avenue, worked in the Little Theatres at nights, refusing aid from her parents, refusing their offers of trips to Europe, winters in the South, summers in the North, doggedly, unswervingly clutching her compulsion, whether it cut her breast or no.

And there is a pride in them both.

In Rome, Miranda was offered a chance to be in a contest, to be one of many



Glamour
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BEAUTIFUL EYES

It was reported in New York newspaper headlines: "Men Look First At a Woman's Eyes"! But do they always look *twice*? Just try this and see —

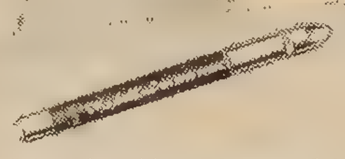
Blend Maybelline Eye Shadow lightly over your eyelids to give your eyes exciting depth and brilliance. Use the perfectly pointed Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil to form graceful brows. Now Maybelline Mascara for the thrilling appearance of longer, dark curling lashes. No fear of unbecoming smudges. Maybelline stays on perfectly—is harmless, tear-proof, non-smarting.

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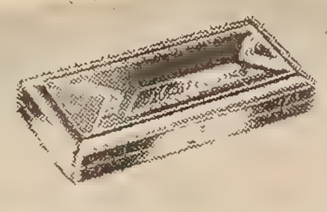
Maybelline Eye Shadow in six flattering shades—Blue, Gray, Blue-gray, Brown, Green, Violet.



Maybelline Smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil. Shades — Black, Brown, (and Blue for eyelid liner).



Maybelline Cream-form Mascara (easily applied without water). Black, Brown, Blue—75c.



Maybelline Solid-form Mascara in gold-colored vanity, 75c. Refills, 35c. Same shades.

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WILL NOT DRY UP IN JAR
SAFE—An absolutely pure, unadulterated cream.
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INSTANTLY EFFECTIVE
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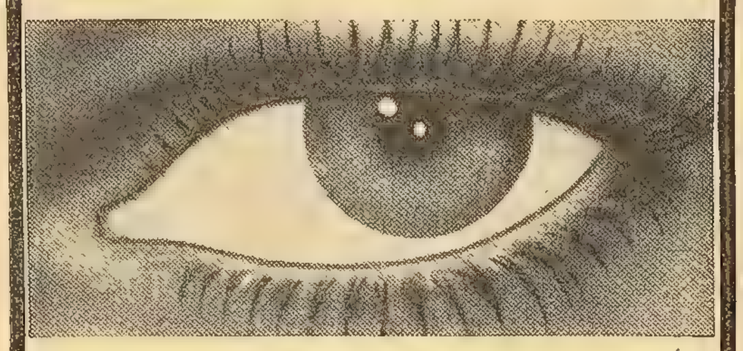


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stops perspiration odor

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Only **TWO DROPS** of this eye specialist's formula **WASHES**, soothes, **CLEARS** dull, tired eyes. Its special, **EXCLUSIVE** ingredient instantly clears eyes red and inflamed from late hours, fatigue, etc.



Thousands prefer stainless, sanitary, safe **EYE-GENE**, because it is so quickly **EFFECTIVE** in making **EYES FEEL GOOD. WASH** your eyes with **EYE-GENE** today. Sold at drug, department, ten-cent stores.



BE SURE OF YOUR "LOOKS"



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EYE-GENE

making a test for a part in a picture called "Darkness" . . . but she would not be in the contest. . . . "I would not risk being a loser," she told me. "I cannot bear not to win, not to be First in whatever I am doing. When I was a stenographer I had to be First and Best, I had to graduate at the head of my class, able to type 100 words a minute, take dictation at the rate of 140 words a minute. When, later, I attended the Academy of Dramatic Arts in Milano, which is a part of the Filodramatic Theatre, I graduated, with honors."

And Pat, too, must be a First . . .Pat, too, refused small offers, tests for things she did not believe in doing, contests, easy steps to, she suspected, spurious success. Pat preferred to understudy Helen Hayes in "Victoria Regina" . . . watching Helen Hayes, she could study, she could learn . . . what if she never played the part herself, before the footlights? She *was* playing the part, every night of her life, from *behind the footlights* . . . and so for weeks, for months, Pat waited and watched and drank in the theatre at its finest until she had the opportunity to make her debut on Broadway, in "The Two Bouquets" . . . and not until then would she listen to Hollywood calling. Pat, too, protects her dream, does not see rushes, will not discuss her part with anyone save her director, invites no opinion and wants no opinion on her work *until it is done* . . .

Nothing stands between happiness and me but—me. But, the "me" of Miranda and of Morison are not, perhaps, as other "me's."

For Miranda, "Darkness" was followed by "Everybody's Wife" and she became, as we say in Hollywood, an overnight success" . . . critics and men who were not critics at all, saw her and said "yes, there *is* Everybody's Wife . . . everyman's dream of what his wife might be . . . and then Henry Koster sent for Miranda to come to Vienna, to make "Diary of a Woman Who Is Loved." And, speaking not one word of German, Miranda went to Vienna.

The production date was two months off. And for those two months Miranda lived in a little room in the little house of a German family. She locked herself into that room and did not stir out of it. She made her simple wants known in the German tongue and if she could not make them known, *she went without.*

When, later, she went to Paris to star with Fernand Gravet in "The Lie of Nina Petrovna," it was the same spartan story. Again, she did not speak a word of French. Again, she lived in complete seclusion until she had mastered the French tongue. And when she came to Hollywood, it was all to be done again, for she spoke no word of English . . . yes, this is courage, this quality which drives the spirits of these girls to such self-sacrifices and self-immolations.

Sadly so, then, these beautiful girls rip their warm and human happiness out of their hearts while, with the other hand, they rip their stardom out of the Hollywood heavens.

"Nothing stands between happiness and me but—me . . ." I think that Bette Davis must have made just this moan when she tore her heart out of Ham's husbandly keeping, gave it, so to speak, into the cold, gold hands of—Oscar! She could have spared herself this "sadness of farewell"—and well she knew it. She could have dimmed her star. She could have abandoned her career, her *great* career. She had only to say "I will give up my work" and the reverse side of those words would have been, "I have my husband, my home, my happiness, as a woman." . . . "Nothing stands between happiness and me but—me."

I think that Madelaine Carroll must often be wrenched and wrung when she bids her perennial farewells to Captain Philip Astley, puts the "cold, estranging sea" between herself and the man she married.

I think that Anne Sheridan may have known some dark hours when she said "goodbye" to Eddie Norris, "hulloa" to stardom . . . Dorothy Lamour had a dream of a baby of her own . . . she put herself between herself and that happiness, for a little time, at least . . . after all, babies and sarongs don't mix . . . the pillow of Ginger Rogers was once wet with tears when Lew Ayres no longer was content in the too-pervasive limelight of her life . . . perhaps Joan Crawford suffered pangs when Franchot Tone departed, quietly, from the unquietness of her days and ways . . . Olivia de Havilland, Nancy Kelly, how often, I wonder, are their young hearts torn into ribbons and streamers . . . and the tragedy of it is that nothing *does* stand between them and their personal, private happiness, their fulfillment as wives and mothers, but themselves.

It sounds so easy, so simple . . . but is it?

I don't know. I know only that they are far more to be pitied than scorned . . . whatever they do, whichever way they walk. I only know that when they are applauded they should be applauded, even more emotionally, *for the scenes they do not play on the screen.*

Nothing stands between happiness and them but—themselves. Pretty valiant "selves," say I.

She's Like Sparkling Champagne

[*Continued from page* 23]

Bacon-and-Eggs Rogers. I cook them in the woods and I order them at the Victor Hugo. Whenever I am in doubt what I want to eat, I eat bacon and eggs.

"It was about nine when we reached Palm Springs, and there weren't many people awake so I drove on to La Quinta and chose a beautiful horse from the stables there and went for a long ride across the desert. My hair was a mess. I never wear a hat, as you know, and the freckles fall where they may. Back at Palm Springs in time for lunch at a quiet little inn, and then I took on Phyllis for some snappy ping pong. After that an afternoon swim in the El Mirador pool and then about six sets of tennis with the 'pro' over at the Racquet Club. I'm not boasting about my tennis, mind you, the 'pro' didn't have to strain himself much to return my balls." (Ginger is trying to be modest. She's a darned good

tennis player. And can give any "pro" in the country a good work-out.)

"Phyllis and I thought it might be nice to go over to the Racquet Club for their dinner dance but we discovered we hadn't packed anything but bluejeans and tennis shorts, I hadn't even brought along any powder, and after all a shiny nose *is* a shiny nose. I slipped into my pajamas while Phyllis was still figuring out where we might borrow a dress, and was asleep in two minutes." (Ginger always wears the most inexpensive, washable bluejeans and shorts when she goes loafing. They are anything but movie-starrish. But she has one bit of Hollywood swank—on the pockets of her bluejeans and blouses, and her simply tailored cotton pajamas, she always has her monogram.)

"I was awake by four the next morning, and after a shower, and a glass of orange juice, I drove the coupe out to La Quinta again and went with a gang of people from the hotel on their early morning breakfast ride. We stopped in a canyon where breakfast was cooked for us, and you know how crazy I am about picnics so that was right down my alley. We had bacon and scrambled eggs and Mexican beans and French toast with lots of syrup and gallons of coffee—and was it good! I ate like a pig. One of the women asked me how I ever kept my figure! The ride was over about ten so I met Mrs. Tracy and Spencer and Bette Davis at the tennis courts and we had several sets of tennis. I was crazy to stay on for the steak fry in the desert that night but knew I had to start work the next morning, so I was a good little girl and drove home that afternoon. I guess it's the last loafing I'll be able to do for weeks."

Loafing to you, Miss Rogers, but not to me and my ilk.

Ginger, I suppose, makes as little to-do about glamour as any of the Glamour Girls. In fact she has been criticized in Hollywood—criticizing is one of the best indoor sports in this town—because she runs around during the day in slacks, hair pinned up, and no make-up. But Ginger doesn't let the gossip upset her. "If you dress up they talk about you, and if you don't dress up they talk about you," is her only comment. And I think she's got something there.

But comes the eventide Ginger goes glamorous in a big way. She's as cloth of goldish in the evening as she is cottonish in the daytime. But she isn't much of a party girl now—after her separation from Lew Ayres she did a pretty bit of stepping with Jimmy Stewart, David Niven, Cesar Romero and other young and eligible males in the movie colony, but now she is rarely seen participating in Hollywood night life. After all, you can't dance all day on a movie set, and get much of a kick out of dancing all night at the Cocoanut Grove. And after Fred Astaire, dancing partners must seem a little heavy-footed to Ginger.

When a magazine recently asked Ginger to name whom she thought to be the most glamorous person in Hollywood Ginger said, "Glamour is illusion in the eyes of the beholder. It's a nebulous something that pretense is often mistaken for. The most glamorous girl in Hollywood is Brooke Hayward."

Brooke Hayward is the baby daughter of Margaret Sullavan and her agent husband, Leland Hayward. She is Ginger's godchild. Maggie Sullavan is one of the few real friends Ginger has among the movie stars. Most of her best friends are quite "unimportant people."

Ginger never does a Garbo when she goes off on her loafing sprees. If the tourists and fans want to stand around and watch her play tennis and ping pong she doesn't mind at all—even when they make rude remarks about her shiny complexion. She usually gets acquainted with the guests at the hotels or ranches where she stops and has a marvelous manner of being able to fit into any circle without the least effort. She never flaunts herself at a vacation resort, nor does she hide herself. However, she does like to dodge publicity when she's loafing.

Which calls to mind her trip to Sun Valley last year. Ginger had never been on skis but she decided to conquer them all by herself so, with her skis, she set off for Dollar Mountain. Much to her disgust she found two nosey looking gentlemen from the hotel trailing her there. "I want to tackle this by myself," Ginger told them politely, "I've never been on skis before. I don't want any publicity."

"Miss Rogers," said one of the gentlemen, "it is not your publicity we are worried about. It is ours. If you fall and break a leg it will be bad publicity for the hotel. We are to see that you stay on your feet."

And on her feet Ginger stayed. Always has. Probably always will.

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10 to 25 lbs. gained by thousands this quick, easy way

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During the reign of De Medici, women in search of charm bathed with peach blossoms which they gathered at dawn.



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Today, girls stir the pulses of those around them...with the romantic, exotic fragrance of Djer-Kiss Talc.

Start your day the Djer-Kiss way! Bathe your entire body with this delightful talc each morning. Djer-Kiss is refreshing, helps you begin the day dainty and cool. Clothes feel more comfortable. Your skin seems soft as satin ... you are alluringly fragrant from head to toe. Use plenty of Djer-Kiss, for the cost is small. 25¢ and 75¢ sizes at drug and toilet goods counters. Generous 10-cent size at all ten-cent stores. Get your Djer-Kiss talc *today!*

The same exquisite fragrance in Djer-Kiss Sachet; Eau de Toilette; and Face Powder.

Velvety talc scented with genuine Djer-Kiss perfume by Kerkoff.



DJER-KISS
(Pronounced "Dear Kiss")
TALC
By KERKOFF

To Outstay a Studio—Work

[*Continued from page* 53]

it didn't get me anywhere. I went to work for the subway on Sixth Avenue as a day laborer. I emptied buckets at the driller for $4.80 a day.

"It was good money for a guy who was broke, but I found out I couldn't go around to the theatrical agencies any more, and I was missing a lot of calls. So I got a job as a lineman with the Bell Telephone company. My hours were from 6 p.m. to 3 a.m. My next job was writing radio scripts at $65 a week, and I had a good chance to develop as a writer in the radio business, but I still wanted to be an actor. Finally, I got a break and joined the Silver-Beach Playhouse stock company at West Falmouth, Mass."

This was a decided triumph for the inexperienced and unknown young actor. He had joined a famous theatrical company at Cape Cod. "Our leading man was Tyrone Power," he told me, "while I played juvenile leads and character parts. Rita Johnson and Burgess Meredith were with us too. Margaret Sullavan, Henry Fonda and Jimmy Stewart were there the year before." Now Tom has a tremendous gusto for life, and every Saturday night he painted the town red with Ty. He had great faith in the future of the very young and very handsome Power lad, but he hardly expected to see him skyrocket to the pinnacle of movie success.

The ambitious and exuberant Mr. Neal made his debut on Broadway as a polished young diplomat in "If This Be Treason," produced by the Theatre Guild. Roles of varying importance followed in several other productions, and he attracted the attention of Goldwyn scouts and was tested for the part of Terangi in "The Hurricane," but didn't get it. "They gave the part to Jon Hall," said Tom, "and he played it splendidly. I couldn't get another test in New York. The movie scouts couldn't see me as a leading man, which is something I've to prove here, too. And I'm going to prove it. I'm going to be a No. 1 box-office name if it kills me." He realizes he has to depend more on his acting and personality than on his profile to reach his goal.

Rosalind Russell advised him to go to Hollywood and see her agent. She thought he could plant him in "Golden Boy." His roommate and pal, Jack Carlton, a former star athlete in Chicago, who, between his assignments with commercial and Little Theatres, was the daring young man on the flying trapeze, wanted to go to Hollywood, too, to recuperate from an injury that was bothering him. Jack had traveled with the Hagenbeck-Wallace circus for seven years and thrilled the crowds at fairs, carnivals and in theatres. While performing at the Chicago World's Fair, he bounced out of the net and fell 38 feet to the ground, breaking his knee-bone. That didn't stop him, but after a second fall he was through as a trapeze artist.

One studio after another tested Tom and Jack and turned them down, until they reached M-G-M. The Metro lion was interested, promised them a screen test. "But before they tested me," Tom said, "they had to find a girl, and after they found the girl, we rehearsed a few weeks. But meanwhile I had to eat, so I got that job with the bakery. I drove a truck at nights, slept in the mornings, and went to the studio in the afternoons. I was pretty sure I would get a break sooner or later, and I knew I could make good if given a chance. I had a good foundation. At last I took the test. Weeks of anxious waiting followed. Then one day Bill Grady called me. I walked into his office and he said, 'Cash your ticket in, kid. You're all set.' I had a return ticket to New York. I couldn't believe it. I can't believe it even now. I have to pinch myself to make sure that I am not dreaming, that I am actually at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer."

On that same day, September 24, 1938, Jack also signed a contract. They took their favorite girls to the Midwick Country Club in Pasadena and celebrated. They ordered a large bottle of champagne, toasted one another, and finally broke the bottle on the great hearth of the swank dining-room. Tom called up his family in Florida to tell them the good news. "They cried over the phone. They were in straightened circumstances and I got my contract at a very opportune time."

While rehearsing in dramatic coach Lillian Burns' office, Tom met a young actress under contract to the studio, and though he was still a nobody and his future in Hollywood problematical, she did not hesitate to go around with him. He couldn't take her to the Trocadero or the Lamaze, but she was perfectly content to go to a neighborhood movie with him, and they had a lot of fun together at Ocean Park, the Coney Island of Los Angeles. Now he can take her anywhere he wants to. Jack has a girl, too. He had a role in "Spring Madness" and is now playing in "Broadway Serenade," Jeanette MacDonald's new picture. But, as I said, his contract was not renewed.

The third young man of this story is young Douglas McPhail. He was picked from the chorus of "Maytime" to sing a few bars with Jeanette MacDonald for a scene which wasn't used. But Miss MacDonald was so impressed by his voice that she called Mr. Mayer and told him he had a gold mine in the unknown singer.

Recently a Metro official took me to the music department and had two records played for me, with Douglas McPhail singing along with Joan Crawford operatic arias from Don Giovanni and La Traviata. As a singer Miss Crawford was a revelation to me; I had discounted reports of her progress as a vocalist as publicity and flattery. But it was Doug's magnificent baritone that held me spell-bound. I have never heard anything like it in any studio. Doug played Nelson Eddy's understudy in "Sweethearts," but that's just the beginning of the career in store for him. He is destined to go places both on the screen and the operatic stage, and I'll be very much surprised if he doesn't reach the Metropolitan.

He told me one of the most touching stories of youth I've ever heard. Doug is a Los Angeles boy, but he wouldn't let his parents support him and pay for his singing lessons when he was old enough to get a job. He first worked at a service

station, and then signed as a seaman on a freighter bound for South America at $30 a month. "I chipped the sides and scrubbed the captain's deck and took the wheel and did everything else required of a seaman," Doug said. "I got up at 3:30 in the morning, and I was at the wheel at 4. I steered it until 6, then, from 6 to 8, I was on the lookout at the front of the ship. One day the captain heard me singing and wanted me to sing for the passengers while they dined. There were about four passengers on the boat. Well, just the same, it was like a banquet to me every night. They would give me a lot of good things to eat, which I would share with the other seamen."

Doug and Betty Jaynes form Metro's youthful singing team. They gave an impersonation of Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald in "Honolulu," and have been cast together in "Babes in Arms," with Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland. Doug is a tall good-looking lad with blonde curly hair, and Betty is a honey. You always see them together in the studio, and they are very much in love. Doug met her in Lillian Burns' office shortly after he was put under contract. A few days later they had a date, and a few months later they married.

To eat regularly, young men in Hollywood, just like comely young women in Hollywood, do everything while waiting for that famous "break" in pictures. Fellows from excellent families, like Tom and Doug, don't consider themselves too good for manual labor, and the arduous humble tasks they have performed in the film capital, where they are now on their way to the top, have greatly strengthened their characters and enriched their art.

They Bait the Networks

[*Continued from page 33*]

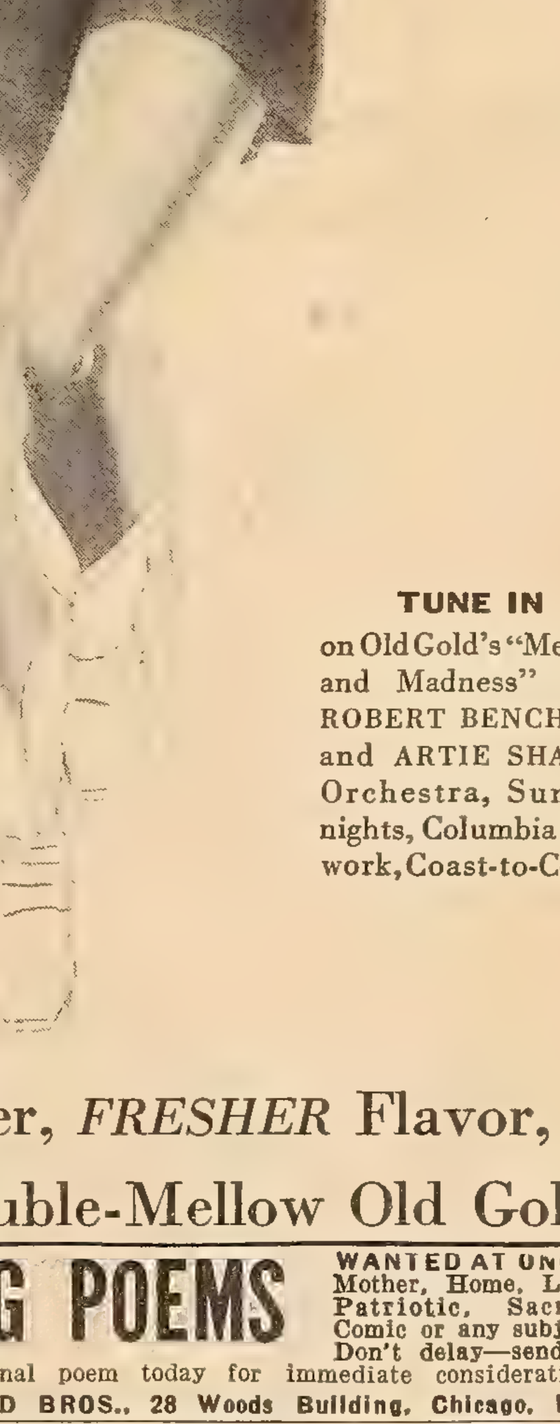
An hour after a sponsor signed them up, they dispatched a special messenger to Louise. He carried a gaudy calendar with a picture of a ship on it and scrawled across the ship was their names. A little later Gosden phoned her. "How would you like to work for us?" he asked. And before she could reply, he added impishly, "I've got to warn you, though, we have such grand offices you'll have to come to work in evening clothes."

Not only did she help the boys find themselves professionally, she was also the one who finally got the right names for their characters. The names Sam and Henry were discarded as topheavy, and they were far from satisfied with the Jim and Charlie that they took in their place. Going to the studio one day, she heard a porter in the building hail a friend by name. The name was Amos and, according to her, "The name 'Andy' just fitted itself in after 'Amos' like the pieces in a jig-saw puzzle."

Today she handles all their business and personal affairs and is first point of contact in reaching the pair. She advises them when she thinks certain characters should be killed off, and in the preparation of the script has become a walking encyclopedia. It's not unusual for one or the other to ask: "How long does it take to boil a potato?" or "Does a toad usually

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sit under or on top of a toadstool?" As the third musketeer of this unusual trio she obtains the information that keeps them a top-ranking pair.

The present-day popularity of Benny Goodman is, of course, due to his unique way of playing dance arrangements. But he never would have had the opportunity of building up such a devoted legion of jitterbugs if a certain Willard Alexander hadn't had the foresight to sense the coming craze in dance styles. It was only four years ago that Alexander heard Benny for the first time and told him he was great.

"But nobody worthwhile will hire our band," was Goodman's wail.

To which Alexander replied that he'd see what he could do about it. Himself a small-time booking agent, he went to the powerful Music Corporation of America—the organization that handles practically all the "name" bands—and asked them to take on the Goodman band. They were dubious about his style of dance music, but agreed to give him a trial on the strength of Alexander's recommendation. Alexander tried hard to interest radio sponsors and hotel managers in the band, but they weren't having any, thank you. It seemed like such a losing proposition that the Music Corporation of America was on the verge of dropping Goodman when Alexander succeeded in getting the band booked into the Palomar Ballroom in Los Angeles. This place has always been known as the show window of show business, a spot that either made or broke an orchestra, for if the crowd there went for the orchestra, it was a sure bet it would wind up in the money.

After Alexander got the booking, Goodman and the boys were so broke they simply couldn't make the trip to the Coast from New York in one jump. So they paid their way by playing across the country. Once they arrived, their unusual delivery hit the jaded dancers like a thunderbolt.

The rest is history. You know how well they've been doing since. Today Goodman is sitting pretty, but he makes no professional move without the guidance of his trusty right-hand man, Willard Alexander. Oh yes, the Music Corporation, once so ready to cast off Benny and his boys, announced that in 1938 this band grossed the highest income of any orchestra under its management.

It's no secret by this time that Fred Allen is pretty much of a lone wolf about his work, preferring to labor alone surrounded by plenty of solitude. But what few know is that the man who runs interference between Fred and the rest of the world is James Harkins, better known as Uncle Jim.

The two became acquainted when both were vaudeville headliners. Then when Fred went on the air he induced Uncle Jim to help him work out an air routine. Soon he assumed other duties. In addition to serving as buffer between the many people who either want to sell something to or borrow money from Fred, he serves as talent scout in unearthing the unusual personalities for the "Persons You Didn't Expect to Meet" portion of the program. Then he hovers over these persons like a guardian angel trying to ward off mike fright as their zero hour approaches for their air debut.

All of Fred's mail passes through Uncle Jim's hands and it is he who decides on the merits of each letter. A kindly person, he can say *no* and mean it—even though he'll try to make it sound a little as if he really wished it were possible to say *yes*. He thinks it's nice work, and he's got it, because even though he has to disappoint a lot of people for Fred's good, he's able to keep them as friends and retain their goodwill. Which is the definition of a diplomat in any language.

As a general rule the active participation of relatives in a man's affairs is usually discouraged or resented by his associates. But here are some who are the exception to that rule. Co-workers welcome them with open arms.

One of the big reasons that Bing Crosby is able to hang on to so much of his wealth is his brother Everett, who manages Bing Crosby, Inc. When Bing was a member of the Rhythm Boys and was making all of $200 each and every week, he thought he sure did have the world by the tail. He soon found that he had put his signature on so many involved and overlapping contracts that when he sent an SOS to his older brother to rescue him, Everett had to put Bing's tonsils to the grindstone to earn $35,000 to get clear of those contracts. With income coming in from movies, radio, sheet music, phonograph records, and a half dozen other enterprises that have no connection with entertainment, Bing draws a salary as president of Bing Crosby, Inc. Everett manages the works and manages to keep Bing out of entangling contracts and promises. For as the crooner himself admits, "I can't say *no*—but my brother can hardly say anything else!"

When Dave Elman says that he owes his radio success to his wife, he's not paying her an idle compliment. It's the truth. For in her desire to divert her husband from brooding over the death of their first-born, she was directly responsible for his radio career. Realizing that a hobby was often a solace for sorrow, she brought different ones to his attention. But none seemed to make a permanent impression. When she had run out of every conceivable hobby that she could think of, she suggested that they make a hobby of hobbies, to find out about the countless other hobbies that probably interest thousands of people.

Thus, out of their mutual sorrow, the idea of Hobby Lobby was born. Elman soon interested the networks in its broadcasting possibilities and today it is probably the best known program in which listeners are asked to participate. Her early studies of hobbies have made her quite an authority on the subject. When letters come in from hobbyists who ask for the opportunity of telling the radio audience about their activities, she it is who first passes on these letters. She gets in touch with them by letter or telephone—and the long-distance charges are enormous—in order to find out everything possible about the hobby and the hobbyist. This is done for two reasons. The first is to assure herself that there really is a legitimate hobby there. You see. Hobby Lobby pays the expenses to New York of all persons who have odd hobbies, so naturally they want to be sure the person really has this odd hobby and

isn't just trying to get a free trip to New York. The second reason is that if the hobby really is there, the information she gets helps her husband to prepare an adequate script in advance of the hobbyist's arrival. Thus in an effort to help her husband, Mrs. Elman launched both him and herself on a new career.

They say that big men lose weight only when they are worried. But Paul Whiteman really began to lose weight in earnest when his wife, the former actress Margaret Livingston, began taking his worries off his shoulders. It was at her insistence that he brought his weight down from 311 to 186 pounds. In addition, she made his burden lighter (no pun intended) by taking over many of the responsibilities which formerly harassed him. She is truly the power behind the throne of the King of Jazz, though not in the sense of Madame Dubarry. She exercises her power directly, not by whispering into the King's ear. For she has at her disposal something almost more important than his ear, and that is his pocketbook.

As director of Artists' Management, Inc., the organization that manages not only the artists who appear on the Whiteman broadcasts but on other shows besides, her own professional experience is a decided asset in moulding policy and in passing on promotion stunts which are intended to give them good publicity and prestige. Her knowledge of these factors is a decided asset to Paul, who counts on her in helping him round out his presentations. Perhaps the most appreciated effect of her "silent voice" in his affairs is her moderating influence on him. He is likely to go to extremes whereas she is all for a calmer course. According to her: "About the only matter in which he will not be extreme enough is that of salary.

"I well remember that just as he was about to go to the office to sign a contract-renewal with one of our previous sponsors, I asked him if he sincerely believed he had done a good job for them. When he assured me he felt he had, I advised him to ask for a thousand-dollar increase. He was flabbergasted and when he got his breath back he warned me that they probably wouldn't renew at all if he made such a demand. But I wouldn't let him go until he promised to ask for more money.

"An hour later he returned, all smiles. 'You were right about the amount, Maggie, only I didn't have to ask for it,' he told me, 'for when they gave me the contract to sign, they had voluntarily upped the amount a thousand a week.'"

These, then, are the powerful persons behind the well-known personalities. The show must go on at all costs, and on it does go. But no one knows better than the star himself how much the words of advice and confidence from his own Man Friday has helped put across a smooth public performance.

BOB HOPE says he has the greatest admiration for Bob Burns. "Bob," says Hope, "is the only actor who ever came to Hollywood, and became a star, and was able to keep his relatives in Van Buren."

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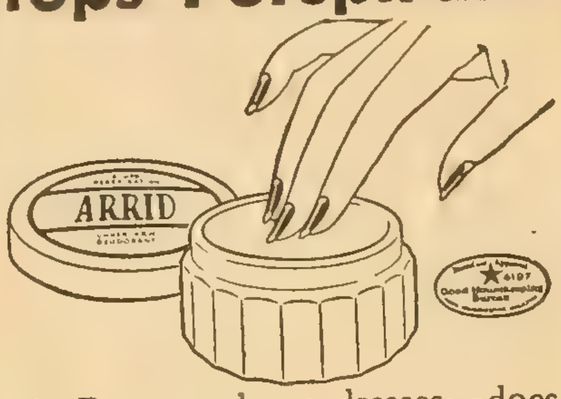
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100 Years Later

[*Continued from page 27*]

Trigger cables set off these explosions.

The thrill high-light of this scene was as follows: Two six-team wagons, loaded with seven stunt men apiece, are galloping along close together. One wagon is supposed to be blown up by a Mexican cannonball, is supposed to crash against the other wagon and overturn it. This, while 500 horsemen are careening wildly down to the Mexican breastworks, while other stunt men are falling or tumbling from their horses. The slightest slip or confusion may mean injury to many men. Thus, there has to be complete confidence and complete knowledge of duties in every man.

It takes hours before the scene is set up. Eight cameras and their crews are ready to grind. The background is cleared so that the cameras won't catch a human or modern conveyance or other object. Eason has completed his check-up and set-up. All is in readiness.

But the time is now close to four o'clock. The sun is getting ready to punch its heavenly time-clock and dip toward home. There is just enough time to shoot the scene before it becomes too dark.

"All set?" shouts Eason to each and every camera crew.

"All set?" he shouts to the actors, to the stunt men, to the explosives crew.

They nod and tense themselves. A gun is fired, and down the hill thunders Sam Houston's army, with Dix on his white charger, spurring on his men. It is a tense moment, a moment of charged beauty, and then—uproar!

Guns spit, cannon roar, men scream and shout, horses rear—the ground seems to leap up into the air where the explosives are set—but eyes are magnetically drawn to the thrill highlight spot, where the two wagons turn over. Boom—up goes one wagon, and into the air fly seven stunt men. Crash—the wagon turns into the other wagon, and over they both go. The air seems filled with smoke and flying men; but there can be no check-up for injury until the scene is finished. The army keeps charging, right on past the cameras. Then comes a shrill, long whistle. The scene is over.

Quickly Eason gallops to his stunt men. They are all miraculously uninjured. Then he checks his army and all the horses. He turns to his cameramen, and finds the scene is a perfect one. The day's work has not been in vain, although the scene came under the wire with less than three minutes to spare.

There are few men in Filmtown who can stage a battle scene, and one which doesn't result in numerous injuries. Eason's is a technique derived from his own stunt experience. If one stunt fails in a scene, it means a day's work wasted. If even one man is lax, the whole day's efforts may have been in vain. And it costs from $25,000 to $50,000 to shoot a day's action scenes!

An interesting sidelight to this location shooting was the attitude of the local extras toward making motion pictures. The first two days they were all aglow and overcome at the opportunity of playing real movies. Then the thrill began to wane. Toward the end of the second and last week of shooting, they were of a different mind. The patience of movie making, the painstaking care, the lack of glamour girls, had palled their enthusiasm. They were even hostile at times when asked to pose for still pictures, requesting cigarettes, or even money for the use of their time. At one time it was even necessary to use a ruse to get spirit into a galloping insert attack scene. The rehearsal had been pallid and draggy, and it was nearing noon time. So Director Nicholls lined up the local boys, got ready to shoot, and then yelled "Lunch!" The way those boys tore across the plain toward the chow wagon put delight in the director's heart, and would have put envy on a race-track owner's face.

Two Clever Fellows Who Found It Better to Bend Than to Break

[*Continued from page 25*]

his brother killed in the World War. He personally experienced all the horror, the heartbreak, the utter devastation brought on by man's inhumanity to man. It's ironical that Francis' own Czecho-Slovakia today should have been in the very heart of the agitation.

This personal earnestness almost cost Francis his career. When he established personal offices and paid the workers with his own check, he was accused of seeking publicity. His own studio refused to aid him in the work, because studios never like to take sides. But they also made little effort to convince Hollywood that Francis was one of those rare individuals who was really on the level.

Francis worked before the camera in the day time. At night he'd drive to nearby towns, ofttimes making two hour speeches before having his dinner. Over weekends he often flew half way across the continent in order to make a speech. Doctors warned him about his health. His business manager pleaded with him to spend a little less, save a lot more. Then one day his interviews stopped. Hollywood columnists, who make the daily rounds of the sets, seemed to pass him by. His own studio branded him as a foolhardy dreamer of dreams.



Rita Hayworth is rapidly becoming a contender for star honors.

Of course Francis despaired. Bad judgment in placing him in bad pictures, eventually found him without a contract. It was then they told Francis that movie stars must live in a little world apart. They must exist for the tired housewives, who get tired of looking at neglectful husbands. They must be dashing and handsome and make passionate love. They must not enter into world problems and become a party to the everyday struggle of life. Too late Francis came to the bitter realization that for Hollywood he had been all wrong.

Recently Francis Lederer finished an important role opposite Claudette Colbert in a picture called "Midnight." It is his first appearance on the screen in over a year. Mitch Leisen, the director, is lavish in his praise. Certain credit is coming to Mitch, because he is truly one of Hollywood's most intelligent souls. But in Francis, Mitch discovered an actor who was co-operative every second, who gives of himself till it hurts and turns in one of the finest performances ever seen.

Those who know him well, will tell you that Francis Lederer is a quieter person today. In place of that sparkle, that irresistible enthusiasm destroyed by Hollywood, there is a maturity and a stability that no one can doubt or criticize. There is also a note of sadness in his voice, when Francis sums it up in his usual honest way:

"I wish I could turn back the years, knowing what I now have learned. I have no misgivings. I alone am at fault. I was all wrong for Hollywood. I didn't make any adjustment, because at that time I didn't think it was necessary. I have changed—I hope for the better."

Unlike Francis Lederer, George Murphy's idealism presented no conflict with Hollywood beliefs. With George it was a strictly personal thing. Believe it or not, George was just too nice. That is, George was much too easy-going and trusting in a city where the competition is so keen. Everyone always had a fine word to say for George. But somehow it was the other fellow who seemed to get the breaks. Then, overnight he changed.

Way back when he started in show business, it had always been George Murphy's policy to work like the devil, never doublecross a pal and be a friend to everyone. All along the way George never failed himself. Many times they took unfair advantage of him. Once a manager skipped off with his salary. George was always Johnny on the spot when they asked him to do benefits. George was always trying to get someone a job. George was always fighting for the underdog. As a setup, George was one pretty swell human being. But he wasn't setting the world on fire with his unmistakable talent.

After listening to countless promises and believing in their fulfillment, George was finally signed by M-G-M. At last, this was it! His worries were over. No more blues and depressed moments. Six months went by and the studio didn't use him once. One day George got up and announced to his wife that he was driving back to New York with his good friend Roger Pryor. Knowing the depths of George's unhappiness, very wisely Julie Murphy encouraged him.

Seven days later George received a



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wire to fly right back to Hollywood. A picture was waiting for him. On wings of ecstasy George arrived, only to find they had cast him in a short. Still being a nice fellow, George spoke his piece. But he didn't carry on like most actors would have done. Over a period of years, George got a few fairly good parts. For eighteen months he didn't do a single picture for M-G-M. But on loanout he made five for other studios and was a big hit in each.

George was just on the point of asking for his release, when his son was born. After twelve years of married life, the Murphys' first son and heir was a pretty big thing. Their happiness knew no bounds. And the lovely Julie Murphy was especially thrilled with the way it affected George. Knowing just how talented and ambitious George had always been, it hurt Julie to see him wasted by the producers. But she knew everything was going to be all right when George suddenly announced one day:

"I'm going to stick it out and fight. Even if I have to go off the lot to do it, I'm going to prove to them how good I can be. I think a lot of it has been my fault. I've been too easy on myself. Now I'm going to show them what I can do.

This was just the start with George. Every day since, he has been changing before the very eyes of those who know and love him. George was never quite sure of his own judgment and used to ask others for their opinions. Now he makes up his own mind and he sticks to it. He used to be so low in spirits, it took days to snap him out of it. Now he knows everything will be all right. He used to sit around and "beat his brains" out when he had a picture to do. Now he does the best he can and refuses to worry about it. Arthur Lubin, who is directing George out at Universal, says he has never seen such confidence and enthusiasm. And Arthur is capable of rare judgment.

"I never could be anything but the way I am," says George. "But the baby has made a great difference. I haven't deliberately tried to change, but I guess I have because everyone seems to notice it. I seem to have a greater capacity for work. People say I am more dignified. If it's true, I'm glad. But it amuses me because I've never thought of myself as an overly-dignified person. My son makes everything seem less important.

"I used to worry when it was option time. When my last option came up for renewal, I hadn't even thought of it until the studio notified me that I was with them again for another year. Having worked in night clubs for so many years, if I didn't go two or three times a week, I always felt that I was missing something. Now my wife can't get me out of the house! She thinks it's good for me to get out and relax for an hour or two, after being on the closed sound stages.

In keeping with his new-found objectiveness, George has really set out to do things. Besides being a fine actor, a loving husband and father, George can add the following to his long list of accomplishments. He is master of ceremonies on the motion picture relief fund show. He's a member of the board of directors of the Screen Actor's Guild. He's chairman of the agency committee of the Guild. He's President of the West Side Tennis Club. He's a member of the board of directors of the Pacific Southwest Tennis Association. He's the associate editor of a new sports magazine. And he's writing a book on dancing!

And so, after long last, the Lederers and the Murphys of Hollywood bend to the exigencies of fame. There is no compensation and they suffer a personal loss. But on the other hand, in Hollywood nothing succeeds like success. There's only one way and that's the hard way—for those with ideals. But it's still better to bend before they break, than wait until it's too late.



Frances Leslie, one of the loveliest starlets on the 20th Century-Fox lot, rests a moment before plunging off the springboard. "We're glad you did, Frances. The better to see you, my dear."

Pictures on the Fire

[*Continued from page* 55]

"Treaty no good now," Martin turns to Shirley. "Red Coat send Little Chief to jail. Little Chief never see own people again. Little Chief die."

"Now, please don't start dying again," Shirley dimples. "Mr. Standing," she turns to Olsen, "maybe you don't understand but a treaty is very solemn to an Indian. And if they give you their word they'll always live up to it unless *you* do something wrong *first*. So I don't think you should send Little Chief away because then you'd be breaking your word. And you'd make all the Indians believe that a white man's promise wasn't any good."

There is a moment's silence after Shirley's plea. Then Olsen reaches a momentous decision. "Little Chief," he announces, "if your father keeps his promise and comes to us tomorrow for a treaty pow-wow, I believe I'd rather have you here."

Little Chief accepts the verdict quietly. "Then Little Chief keep treaty with Golden Hawk," he promises.

It seems mean to pick on a ten year old child but I swear this is almost too much. If the studio would only present Shirley as just a cute American kid, and stop trying to foist her on the public as the right hand of God *I* think everybody would be happier.

Next comes "Rose of Washington Square." The title of this one is taken from an old song that no one except me and a certain 20th Century-Fox scenario writer remembers. Fannie Brice made it famous and it was a grand number. But Fannie isn't in this. Instead, we have Alice Faye. Although I have never disputed Alice's looks, her ability to put a song over or her dramatic ability (when she gets down to business) she did several things when she first came to Hollywood of which I didn't approve and she has done other things since which I didn't like. So I have never been what you might call one of her boosters. But recently she did something so sweet—so understanding and so charitable that from here on out no matter WHAT she does, you'll find me on the Faye bandwagon rooting for Alice.

To get on with the story. Al Jolson is first a candy butcher and singer in a cheap burlesque, where he meets Alice and becomes interested in furthering her career. But she meets Tyrone Power, a bit too reliable young man, and falls in love with him. She leaves Jolson and he becomes the sensational success he once was. Alice, thinking Ty has taken a run-out powder on her, rejoins Jolson and she, too, becomes a great hit. Then Ty turns up and they're married. But Ty has been mixed up in some nefarious deals, is arrested and it is only when Al posts $50,000 bail "for the woman I love" that Ty is released. He goes to the theatre where Alice is appearing, knowing he is going to be sentenced to prison when his trial comes up. Alice is about to put over a new song. We find them in her dressing room.

"That's it," she announces, giving her face a last dab of make-up. "Come on."

"I don't want to go out there, Rose." Ty protests.

"Please, darling," she pleads. "I want you to."

"Can't you see I'm in no mood to listen to a song," he snaps irritably. "How can I stop thinking about tomorrow—"

There may not be anything startlingly new about the plot of this picture but there are several new twists to it, some grand comedy scenes, some good songs and it's a picture you can't afford to miss.

Jane Withers in "Police School" is on location today so I proceed to the last set. It is Warner Baxter in "The Return of the Cisco Kid." I suppose a lot of you who go to the movies now were in swaddling clothes when "In Old Arizona" was first released but Warner played the *Cisco Kid* in that picture. It was one of the most sensational talking pictures ever made and Warner's performance in it has gone down in the annals of screen history. And here he is in his make-up speaking his same dialect.

The set is the outside of a cafe in a Mexican village. Lynn Bari and her grandfather are walking along the sidewalk. They stop just outside the entrance to the cafe. "Grandpa!" Lynn begins angrily. "I want to talk to you. I'm ashamed of you—after all he did for us!"

"You have to admit I stood by him," the Colonel retorts indignantly.

Warner, who has been listening, comes up to them.

"Ah, senorita," he breathes to Lynn, "I am so glad I have catch you."

"Senor Chicquelo," she begins firmly, "I want to apologize for my grandfather's conduct. *I'm* grateful to you for rescuing us—and *I* would like you to be our guest at dinner tonight."

"Thank you," Cisco returns gallantly, "but you must be *my* guests."

"Who's playing grandfather?" I inquire of my guide.

"Henry Hull," he answers.

"But we just saw him on the other stage in 'Stanley & Livingstone,'" I protest.

"And you've been around Hollywood all these years," Hull, who has overheard us, scoffs. "Don't you know it's all done with mirrors? How are you? Everytime I see you I want to ask you where we've met before?"

What a memory! Our meeting took place in Washington in 1919 when he was giving one of the neatest performances I've ever seen in a comedy called "39 East" and he and his wife and Samuel Merwyn, the novelist, came to supper with me afterwards at the old Shoreham hotel. He must have met thousands of people in the interim and yet he remembers me. Someone remind me to vote for Mr. Hull in next year's Academy Awards.

That being settled, we'll travel on to—

M-G-M

ALACKADAY. Too much doing here, too, for comfort. Naturally, the most important picture here—to me, at any rate—is the one with Myrna Loy. To make it even more important there is Robert Taylor opposite her and Norman Taurog, one of my favorite directors, in charge of proceedings. You won't have to be a Philadelphia lawyer to follow the plot of this

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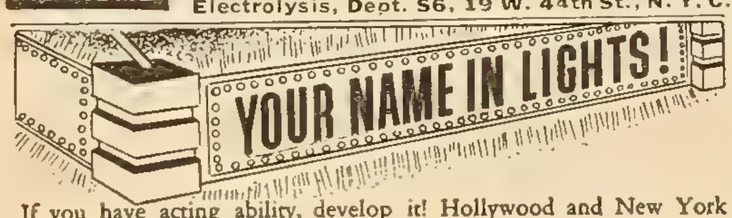
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one but it's one of those sophisticated comedies both Myrna and Bob do so well. And, oh, joy! Myrna is both sweetheart and wife in this one—in turn.

She's a rich man's daughter who can't find her ideal among her own set so she goes hunting, hoping to find him among the middle classes. She does. It's Bob. They have a series of wildly exciting and hilarious adventures. In the morning when they waken they are married. More good news. Bob gets a $35 a week job in a paint store. When he gets a $10 a week raise he comes home to invite Myrna to help him paint the Empire State Building red. But Myrna has turned wife on him and turns budget-conscious before his horror-stricken eyes. (Girls, take heed and when your husbands and sweethearts want to shoot the works shoot first and worry afterwards). He is shocked into defeat until Monday, when he suddenly walks out of the paint store and goes home to tell Myrna that, as a matter of principle, they have to consider Monday as Saturday and, hence, due cause for celebration.

I'm not going to attempt to give you the dialogue of this scene. I couldn't do it justice in a few words. But I earnestly urge all of you to see the picture for Bob's words and viewpoint embody one of my own pet theories, and I think it's a theory everyone should consider, even if everyone doesn't agree.

Next we have "Calling Dr. Kildare" starring Lew Ayres. This one's melodrama—pure and simple. On second thought that's a misstatement. The plot is neither pure nor simple. So we'll call it melodrama.

Lew has got mixed up in a murder by treating a boy for a bullet wound and not reporting it. When he is threatened with loss of his medical license he decides to save himself by finding the real murderer. He finds him all right but can't prove anything. Then his friend, Nat Pendleton, takes a hand. Nat goes to the apartment of the murderer where he finds Lew. But the murderer won't talk.

"I know he's guilty," Lew avers, "but I can't prove it."

"Dr. Kildare," Nat replies, "you're a law abiding citizen and what you don't see ain't goin' to get you in any *more* trouble—" he picks up a magazine and shoves it into Lew's hands. "Go out in the hall and read this. I'm goin' to make a quiet little search for evidence," pushing Lew into the hall. "I ain't goin' to do anything *illegal* but if this mugg's got a murder on his conscience, it's only human charity to help him get it off his chest."

He closes the door and Lew props himself against the wall and starts thumbing through the magazine. We hear several blows, a couple of dull thuds and a grunt or two. Lew smiles. The door of another apartment opens and an elderly lady peers out, espying Lew.

"It's disgraceful!" she hisses. "People in there fighting!"

"Yes. Terrible," Lew agrees.

"Aren't you going to stop them?" she demands.

"Just as soon as I finish this story," Lew promises calmly.

The old lady gives him a "double take" and disappears back into her apartment. I wish you could see her. She's a panic.

Then the door opens and Nat comes out, pleased as Punch. "Come on in, Doc. He's just dying to tell you all about the murder and," waggling a monkey-wrench, "I only had to use me wrench *once!*"

Next is "The Kid From Texas" with Dennis O'Keefe, the beauteous Florence Rice, my favorite dancing comedian, Buddy Ebsen, and an old-timer seen all too seldom these days—Tully Marshall.

Mr. O'K is a cowboy on a Texas horse ranch. After seeing a polo game in a newsreel he becomes fascinated by it and learns the game, practicing on the range on his horse, Lone Star, training the latter to be a perfect polo pony. Anthony Allen and his sister, Florence, visit the ranch to buy polo ponies for their Long Island Polo Club. Allen sees Dennis practicing and buys the horse. Dennis, meantime, has accidentally toppled Florence into a creek and she is furious—but, naturally. To make it worse, he falls in love with her. He wants to go back to Long Island with his horse and play polo. But Tully Marshall is furious at him, too, for dousing one of his guests.

And that's how things are when we find Allen, Dennis and Tully in the living room of the ranch, with Dennis pleading to be permitted to go back east with Lone Star. He finally shakes dice with Allen to see if the latter takes him—and loses.

"And that's that!" Tully snaps, slamming a window. Then he quickly opens it again, shouting, "Snifty!"

"Were you callin' me, boss?" Dennis asks hopefully.

"No!" Tully shouts furiously. "Snifty Ed-wards!"

Buddy comes on the run, ducks a bit when he sees Dennis and gives him a wide berth. "Right here, boss," he says.

"I want you to git ready to leave fer New York with Mr. Thomas' ponies."

"Aw, boss," Buddy pleads. "Have a heart. Y'know I hate N'York."

"That's why I'm sendin' ya," Tully glares at him. "*You'll* come back."

"Ain't that jist my luck!" Buddy moans.

And so we come to "Society Lawyer." This is a re-make of an old picture that once starred Myrna Loy when she was just becoming a star and, I think, Warner Baxter. This time it's Walter Pidgeon and Virginia Bruce, whom we find in the former's apartment whither they have gone after a meeting in a night-club, punctuated by some very smart repartee.

The apartment is in darkness save for one soft light and the glow of the leaping fire. Pidge is sitting in a wing chair before the fire. Virginia is sitting on the floor, her back against a leather hassock.

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This scene from the English picture, "Goodbye, Mr. Chips," reminds us of tintypes in the old family album. That's Robert Donat in the center.

"Do you know," Virginia ventures, "I think this is *the* most comfortable spot in New York."

"Thank you," Mr. P. accepts the compliment. "*We* like it here, don't we, Layton?" turning to his butler (Herbert Mundin) who has just come in, looking a little sleepy, his robe flapping around his ankles, carrying a tray in his hands.

"Oh, yes, sir," Herb agrees. "Yes, indeed we do, sir."

"Do you know what I think would be just right at this moment?" Walt ventures. (*I* know what he thinks would be just right but I can tell him he's wasting his time. Virginia's not that kind of a girl). "Brandy!" Mr. Pidgeon continues enthusiastically (the wolf in sheep's clothing!) I have a special bottle I've been saving for a long time—thirty years old."

Mundin coughs explosively, chokes and swallows. "Brandy on top of eggs, sir? Tch-tch-tch. I knew a gentleman that did that once and was terribly ill for a week."

"I think Layton is right." Virginia agrees, putting Layton out of his suffering and herself out of danger because *she* knows what thirty year old brandy can do—or undo—to a girl's resistance.

"Thank you, ma'am," Mundin beams. He puts the tray down on a table and leaves as Virginia looks at a framed picture and examines it closely.

"Sue Leonard, your fiancee, isn't it? Attractive."

"Very," Walter acquiesces quietly.

"Well, now I'm warm—and I'm getting something to eat—" accepting a plate of eggs from him—"you can start the cross examination."

"What do you mean?" Pidgeon asks, surprised.

"You didn't get me up here for my fatal fascination," Virginia states. "I was Judy's friend (Judy, being the murdered girl). You're interested in the case."

Somehow, in cold print, the dialogue doesn't look so trenchant. I guess it was the eggs that got me. But I'm sure the scene will play well.

And now we come to the last of MGM's productions for this month—"Bridal Suite"—featuring Billie Burke, Robert Young and Annabella, the enamored of Mr. Tyrone Power. I remember one of my confréres, in commenting on her appearance in South America when Ty was there, said of Annabella: "A tigress on the hunt. A continent and the Atlantic were no barriers!"

Looking dispassionately at Annabella in the Swiss Alps where this scene is laid—cold, calm, collected—one would never guess what emotions seethe within her. But it's all none of *my* business and she isn't seething over me, worse luck.

Bob is touring Europe with his mother (Miss Burke—she's "Mrs." in the picture, of course) and his father. Billie is very ambitious to have Bob make "a good match" but he is not interested in matrimony, *per se*. When he twice turns up missing at his wedding to the same girl (and a very important girl she is, too) Billie decides steps must be taken and drags him off to this Swiss resort to have him examined by her pet psychologist, Dr. Grauer, and to get a certificate from the good doctor to the effect that Bob has been suffering from temporary amnesia and is not responsible for the wedding debacle. This seems to be where I came in because when pictures were first invented practically every heroine suffered from amnesia. For those of you who have come in since then, however, I'll continue with the plot.

It is when Bob and Billie arrive at the station that Bob catches the eye of Annabella, and immediately insists they put up at the Villa of which she is the manageress. They drive along through the snow (in a sleigh, of course) and presently pause before the pretentious little chalet.

"Such lovely mountains," Billie gushes. "So quaint. We don't have anything like them in America."

"Except the Rockies," Bob puts in. "They're mountains, too—I've heard."

"Oh, of course, the Rockies," Billie concedes and then adds brightly, "But,



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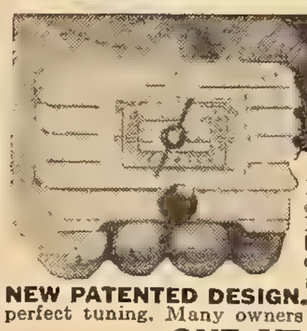
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then, nobody thought to arrange the Rockies all around a quaint little Inn, the way they have here."

"It must have been quite a job—all that arranging," Bob argues stubbornly.

Ida Koverman, Louis B. Mayer's secretary, is on the lot with some friends whom she wants to have Billie and Bob meet. She greets Billie with outstretched arms when the scene is finished. "You look lovely," she compliments Billie (and well she might say that). "And who was that man you had a date with the other night?"

"And such a nice man, too!" Billie enthuses.

Catching her eye, I smile fatuously at her but Billy never remembers me because, I suppose, every time I meet her I persist in remembering the good old days when I was in school and she, although she was young enough to be, was a big star and every schoolboy's dream-girl. I can't much blame her for not wanting to remember those days because even now when *I* look as though I should have grandchildren, *she* looks like every college boy's dream girl.

Billie and Joshua (of Bible fame) are the only two I ever heard of who could make time stand still and sometimes I've wondered if even Joshua didn't get those sports reporters who were covering his battle, a little tight.

With a backward glance at Billie (which I regret to state was not returned) I leave M-G-M and travel on to—

Warner Brothers

THREE Big pictures shooting here—"Each Dawn I Die" starring James Cagney and George Raft, "Family Reunion" with the same cast you saw in "Four Daughters," and "Waterfront" featuring Dennis Morgan.

The first is a prison picture with Cagney as a reporter who has been framed and who is doing time. Raft is a four time loser, in on a 199-year sentence. Also, there is George Bancroft as the warden and the inimitable Slapsie Maxie Rosenbloom as one of the prisoners.

The scene I watch is in the jute mill. The "trusty" foreman has just been the cause of one of the convicts (Louis Jean Heydt) falling into some machinery and being badly hurt. Stanley Ridges (another convict) hates the trusty (John Wray) and is about to go to Heydt's aid when Cagney, realizing he will do more harm than good, signals Maxie and Edward Pawley. They throw him back on a heap of twine and Maxie puts his hand over Ridges' mouth.

Bill Keighley, the director, yells "Let's go" and the men take their places. Then the make-up man says, "Can I have a little time to fix Maxie's make-up?" He starts fixing it and Keighley waits a little and then says, "Let's go" but the make-up man says, "Just a minute. I'm not through with Mr. Rosenbloom's make-up." Bill waits impatiently a few minutes and then says, "Now give Maxie a little toilet water and let's get going." But the make-up man pays no attention and keeps working on Maxie. Then the camera man says, "Put a little more spray on this side of Maxie's face. He's not sweaty enough." No one has been paying any attention to Cagney so he winks at me and says: "Hey! Isn't there anyone else in this picture?" And someone else, taking his cue from Jimmie says, "Yes! What's between you guys and Maxie?"

Unless you know Maxie you can't appreciate the humor of that last crack. Maxie was for years the world's light heavy-weight champion and he can still make it plenty interesting for any of these young sprouts who want to take him on.

Next there's "Family Reunion." Practically the entire cast is working today, except John Garfield. Lola Lane is there and she gives me a hug (I've only known Lola about nine years). Priscilla and Rosemary manage to contain themselves. Gale Page is there, looking like a million, even though she is no longer living in that millionaire's home where she did such lavish entertaining—for a month. And Fay Bainter is there looking incredibly youthful. But the scene they're doing isn't important so there's no use going into all the gory details.

The last picture on this lot is "Waterfront" which marks the initial appearance of Dennis Morgan under the Warner Brothers aegis. Mr. Morgan is the good-looking singer-chap who was discovered by Mary Garden. He has almost as many names as a cat has lives. What his real name is I don't know but MGM signed him and presented him (briefly) as Stanley Morner. Then Paramount got hold of him, changed his name to Richard Stanley and didn't present him at all. Now Warners have him and he's Dennis Morgan. Shakespeare once said, "What's in a name? A rose by any other name would smell as sweet." But the publicity department says Mr. Morner-Stanley-Morgan bathes every day so he doesn't smell at all . . . not even in pictures because I watch him do a scene and I think if he ever gets a break he's going to amount to something. He can act as well as sing.

There being nothing else here I jog over to—

Universal

TWO pictures going here: "The Family Next Door" which Joseph Santley is directing with Hugh Herbert, Ruth Donnelly and Eddie Quillan; and "Big Town Czar" written by Silver Screen's own Ed Sullivan (and in which he also appears) with Barton MacLane, Tom Brown, Walter Woolf King, Frank Jenks and Gordon Jones.

MacLane and his side-kick, Jenks, strong-arm small time racketeers into paying tribute to their leader, King. He has just collected some dough from a new outfit and is bringing it to King.

"Hi ya, Mr. Burgess," Hart greets him. "I got the first day's money—and started the organization going our way."

"Good work," King nods. "Nice of all those fellows to operate their business for us." He laughs and pats the bag Bart has brought him. "This is the only way to do business."

"Yeah," Bart agrees eyeing him. "I remember what you always told me. We gotta clip the big shots. Stay away from the public so the D. A. doesn't get you."

"Let Larry Morgan (Clyde Dilson) and Mike Luger (Jack LaRue) and all the other boys worry about digging up sucker money—then we can take it away

from 'em—collected and sealed," King exults. By this time he has the bag opened and is looking into it. His face falls as he reaches in and brings out nothing but an envelope. "I don't like jokes, Daley," he says with quiet menace. "What's the meaning of this?" opening the envelope and taking out a string of tickets.

"Those are tickets, Mr. Burgess," MacLane informs him—"Round the world tickets. Here's some expense money for the trip."

"Where's the money?" King asks, enraged. Then the light begins to dawn. "I took you out of a cheap pool hall and gave you a chance. I taught you everything you know. . . ."

"The *only* thing I know," MacLane corrects him. "How to take smart guys."

The only comment I can make on this meller is that Walter Woolf King has one of the best voices on the musical comedy stage—and never gets a chance to use it.

The other picture—"The Family Next Door"—is another "Alice Adams." The scene I watch is not important so there isn't much sense taking up space describing it.

Without a backward glance I scurry on to—

Paramount

ONLY one picture shooting here—"Geronimo" with Preston Foster and Andy Devine. It deals with the Indian chief, Geronimo, and the government's attempts to subdue him. The commander of the garrison is an old martinet who won't let his "boys" have any fun, such as scalping a few Indians, just for a change. So finally the commandant's son jumps on his horse and rides off in all directions to capture Geronimo. But the son gets captured and that nasty old Geronimo sends Sonny Boy's horse back to camp alone. The commandant is heartbroken but duty is duty and he can't sacrifice a whole garrison just to save his son when the son was guilty of flagrant disobedience of orders. So Preston decides *he'll* disobey a few orders and save Sonny himself. He is furiously cleaning his revolver when Andy (an Indian scout) comes in. He takes in the situation at a glance but, sly fox that he is, pretends not to notice anything as he goes to a post, takes down his own belt with two revolvers in holsters hanging from it and straps it about his waist (and I'm here to tell you it's SOME waist).

After the scene is finished I chat with Andy and Preston a few minutes and then saunter over to—

RKO

TWO pictures shooting here—"Sorority House" featuring Anne Shirley and "Fixer Dugan" with Lee Tracy. But neither of the scenes is important so I'll let them go until next month. Last on the list is—

Columbia

LIKEWISE two films in the works here—"Missing Daughters" with Richard Arlen and Rochelle Hudson, and "Blind Alley" with Chester Morris and Ralph Bellamy. But, I sadly fear, these, too, will have to wait until next month when the robins will be singing. Until then—"Goodnight, all."



The Final Fling

WE ARE continually being reminded in letters which come to this desk that something ought to be done about the curse of the double-feature program at neighborhood movie theatres. Friends and acquaintances whom we meet occasionally at cocktail parties for visiting screen and literary celebrities whisper the same thing in our ear. "Can't something be done about it?" they cry.

Well, recently one enterprising manager of a theatre in a choice midtown section of New York City decided "to do something about it." As his theatre is situated in a neighborhood of smart apartment houses catering to small families, and smart apartment hotels whose principal clientele are well-to-do young couples, bachelors and career women, he thought he would give them the kind of entertainment they apparently wanted. That is, one "A" feature, a newsreel and several short subjects of the better grade.

However, in spite of the fact that children who demand a whole lot for their money do not make up more than a small percentage of his clientele, his plan failed after eight weeks' trial.

Which proves, perhaps, that we're all creatures of habit. For a number of years we've taken for granted the "B" picture served up inevitably as part of the diet in every neighborhood theatre. Even though we squawk while waiting for it to end and the feature picture to go on, we're evidently getting same small "kick" out of it. For it is generally unpretentious, straightforward story telling, minus the frills and furbelows allotted to the more extravagant "A" pictures.

As for us, we feel about the double program much as we felt about birthday parties when we were children. A certain amount of games had to be played before "the main event"—lemonade, cake and strawberry ice cream.

Like this lemonade, cake and ice cream, the "A" picture is something to be looked forward to with varying degrees of impatience, boredom or excitement, according to each member of the audience's own personal reactions.

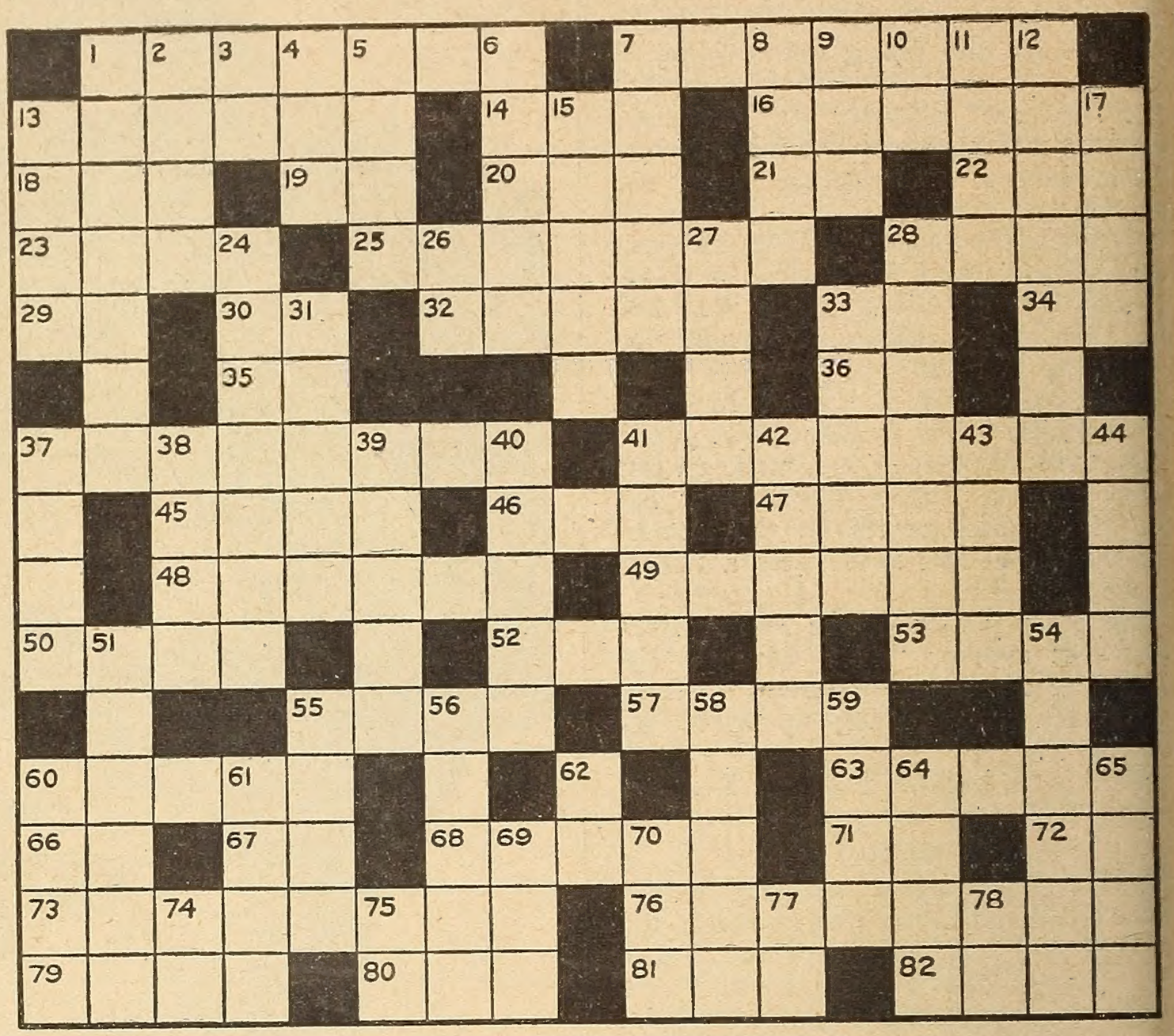
So, what difference does it make if you have to sit through an orchestra rendering a classical symphonic selection, a swing fest, a blues singer lustily rendering torch songs through a microphone, as you do in the more showy picture palaces—or a "B" picture at the neighborhood movie emporium? If you came simply to see Don Ameche and Loretta Young in "Alexander Graham Bell" you're going to be annoyed with everything handed you, in the interests of choice entertainment, that blocks the way to seeing it.

As we analyze it at the moment, the only solution is a five cent telephone call, a convenience made possible by the unswerving genius of this same Alexander Graham Bell whose life story you wish to spend your money to see. The pretty girl at the box-office with the nice voice (we hope) will tell you the precise moment the feature is going on, and if your watch has been correctly set no precious time need be wasted.

LENORE SAMUELS

A MOVIE FAN'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

By Charlotte Herbert



ACROSS

1-7 Stars of "Made For Each Other"
13 "Whip McCord" in "The Oklahoma Kid"
14 Umpire (slang)
16 German scientist in "Idiot's Delight"
18 Wander from the truth
19 Wool (Scot.)
20 By birth
21 Regarding
22 Beverage
23 Herb
25 The colonel in "Gunga Din"
28 Man's name (abbr.)
29 Near
30 Northern state (abbr.)
32 Manager of stagecoach line in "Stand Up and Fight"
33 Famous playwright (initials)
34 Our favorite ice skating champion (initials)
35 Either
36 Electrical Engineer (abbr.)
37 In "Only Angels Have Wings"
41 Doug's sweetheart in "Gunga Din"
45 Feminine first name
46 Always (poet.)
47 In "Disbarred"
48 Starred in "Let Freedom Ring"
49 With Jack Haley in "Thanks For Everything"
50 In "Cafe Society"
52 Hurry
53 Prima Donna
55 Whirlpool
57 The playboy in "Four Girls in White"
60 A head dress
63 Existent
66 Thoroughfare (abbr.)
67 Suffix
68 Little crippled brother in "One Third of a Nation"
71 Note of the scale
72 Mid-Western state (abbr.)
73 Intoxicated doctor in "Stagecoach"
76 Shirley's "jester" in "The Little Princess"
79 Identical
80 Mother of "Peer Gynt"
81 Forever
82 Periods of time

DOWN

1 One of the four sisters in "Alexander Graham Bell"
2 Cruel monster
3 Parent
4 Brother (abbr.)
5 Minute particle
6 Now at work in "Invitation to Happiness"
7 Long pointed weapon
8 Pale brownish color
9 Grief
10 Degree (abbr.)
11 Feminine name
12 Breach of allegiance
13 In "Son of Frankenstein"
15 Measure
17 School mistress in "The Little Princess"
24 In "Torchy Blane in Chinatown"
26 Prefix
27 Scientific instrument
28 Swindled
31 Humorous
33 Carlotta in "Juarez"
37 Listen
38 Japanese money (pl.)
39 Demolished
40 With Maureen O'Sullivan in "Let Us Live"
41 One of the Morgan Brothers
42 The truck driver in "Ambush"
43 An Indian tribe of Texas
44 Mrs. Charles Laughton
51 With Errol Flynn in "Dodge City"
54 "Scarlett O'Hara" herself
55 Every
56 Ravines
58 Vestibule
59 She was born in Vienna
60 Hats
61 In "Stand Up and Fight"
62 Morning (abbr.)
64 Ornamental dress trimming
65 Organs of hearing
69 Suffix
70 Greek letter of alphabet
74 Husband of Alice Faye (initials)
75 Munitions manufacturer in "Idiot's Delight" (initials)
77 Doctor in "A Man to Remember" (initials)
78 A call to excite attention

Answer To Last Month's Puzzle

G	A	B	L	E	■	N	O	R	M	A	■	B	R	E	N	T
A	P	E	■	F	R	A	N	C	I	S	K	A	■	V	I	A
R	A	■	■	F	A	M	E	■	D	E	A	R	■	■	N	M
F	R	A	G	I	L	E	■	P	■	A	L	B	E	R	N	I
I	T	■	A	G	E	■	S	A	M	■	E	E	R	■	Y	R
E	■	D	R	Y	■	B	O	Y	E	R	■	R	A	Y	■	O
L	A	D	Y	■	R	E	■	N	■	O	C	■	S	E	L	F
D	I	■	■	P	A	T	T	E	R	S	O	N	■	■	O	F
■	L	O	R	E	T	T	A	■	M	I	R	A	N	D	A	■
A	S	K	■	T	H	E	■	B	■	E	R	N	■	O	F	T
R	■	■	D	E	B	■	M	O	B	■	I	C	E	■	■	A
N	T	■	P	R	O	■	E	L	L	■	G	Y	M	■	A	Y
O	H	■	■	■	N	I	A	G	A	R	A	■	■	■	C	L
L	O	U	I	S	E	■	T	E	N	■	N	A	V	A	H	O
D	U	N	N	E	■	A	Y	R	E	S	■	P	O	W	E	R

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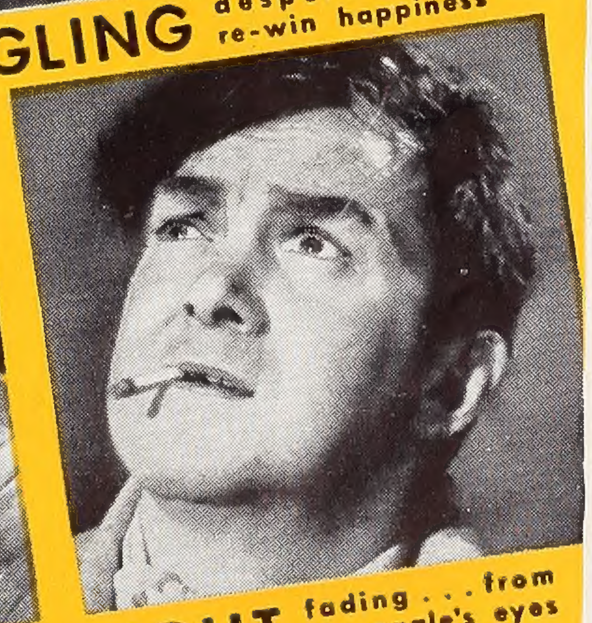
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A Columbia Picture

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